

# ZION'S HERALD



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**No PUSHING OUR BRETHREN OVERBOARD.**—*The Western* thus rejoices over the prospective colored M. E. Church, South:—

"We are rather glad, upon the whole, that this action has been taken. The colored people now in the Southern Church can scarcely be regarded as well qualified to legislate for themselves, but they will improve, and educated negroes from the North will find a home among them and help them, and all Christian people will give them sympathy and aid. So we believe, and we shall be deceived if this colored Church does not become a power in the land. We shall watch it with anxiety. Our people will extend to it the warmest sympathy, and while it will appear as a new Church, starting out in competition with other organizations, it will not be a secession, but one strangely thrust out into independent life to battle with the adverse elements as best it can. We cannot doubt that God has some great purpose to be developed in this movement, and shall look to see in it the beginning of the consolidation of all the organizations of colored Methodism, looking to an ultimate fraternization on terms of perfect equality with all the Methodisms of the world."

All this is as foreign from Methodism and Americanism, as it is from Christ and the Bible. Our own Church, in some of its movements, is much nearer expressing the purpose of God. When it puts all its members together, and sets a pastor over them, regardless of color; when it puts all the ministers in the same territory into the same Conference, irrespective of color; it is on the track of God and the nation. It would be a disgrace unutterable for her to cast off a quarter of a million of members, because of this Satanic prejudice. They will not go, thanks be to God. The coldness of *The Western*, and its attempts to put them out, will not be accepted by the Church. We have struggled too hard for position and success in the South to surrender it all, as we certainly should, if we abandoned our colored brethren. Our pride, if not our principles, will save us from that sin. We shall fight it out on the line we have begun, expelling our prejudices, not our people. There is no other way to subdue the South. The white Church has rejected our suit; fortunately for us, the blacks are rejected of them. If we are faithful to them, trample down our silly pride, absorb the Zion's Church, and elect one or two colored Bishops, in five years three fourths of the colored Methodists will be in our ranks. God will bless us, if we obey Him. The above extract, published with approval by *The Nashville Advocate*, is not the heart nor judgment of the Church. It pleases the Southern Church, but not the loyal one. May *The Western* fall into line with the column of Christ and the Bible, and advocate the same unity and brotherhood in the Church that is now obtaining all over the land.

*The Christian Recorder*, speaking of the fact of there being two colored students at the Unitarian school at Meadville, and none at the Methodist college in the same place, adds a question of admonition as follows:—

"Will ZION'S HERALD tell us the number of colored students in the colleges of the M. E. Church situated north of the old Mason and Dixon's line? Having a colored membership of over a hundred thousand, one would think she would have a goodly number. With but a handful of people, the Presbyterians are educating scores of colored ministers. We warn our dear M. E. friends not to be like the Jews and sing, 'We have Abraham to our father,' or rather, 'We have the Negroes for our inheritance.' If they fail to educate their colored ministers, that Presbyterian handful will shortly 'shake like Lebanon.'"

Its first question is pertinent, and we should be glad

to have our colleges and seminaries send us any statistics bearing on that question. We can inform our brother of *The Recorder* that our schools and colleges are open to his color. Middletown has graduated three, Wilbraham has had them among her scholars for a generation. Its own Bishop Brown was one of her beloved students. They sat at her tables with the whites, in Dr. Fisk's time, or very near it, and one young lady, afterwards wife of Bishop Burns, boarded with the Principal, Dr. Raymond, and was treated precisely as one of his family. The same equality and fraternity has long been shown in all our New England seminaries, in Genesee, and other schools and colleges. Let it send on its men. They will be gladly received, and most brotherly treated. We are educating as many in the South as any other Church, though far less than we should. Some of our schools there yet shut them out. We join *The Recorder* in protesting against such ostracism, and demand its abolition.

**THE BRITISH CRITICISMS ON DICKENS** differ from the American. The latter generally condemn, as his main defects, his liquor-loving and minister-hating qualities. The former discern a lack of social perceptions, so keen to your every-day Englishmen, and a looseness of fibre in the treatment of vice and virtue, right and wrong.

"*The Post* remarks that if Mr. Dickens did not succeed in appreciating the finer superficial distinctions of society, or even in seeing through them the actual men and women whom they cover, yet when he was among the classes whom he best loved to depict, he showed himself a most profound observer of mankind. It is, too, honorable to him as an individual, rather than as an artist, that he always showed himself unable to seize or to understand the darker side of human nature."

"*The Spectator* pronounces Mr. Dickens to be the greatest humorist whom England has ever produced. Shakespeare himself not excepted, and calls attention to the wonderful influence his writings have exerted in softening the strong lines of demarcation between the different classes of English society, and the extraordinary stimulus they have thereby given to the various great efforts of the day for ameliorating wretchedness and reclaiming crime. And yet Mr. Dickens has not only never been a professional philanthropist, but he has exerted his great powers to the utmost to ridicule professional philanthropy. It was the great triumph of his humor to sharpen the vision of mankind for hideous moral contrasts which he knew as little as any of us how to remove; and for the systematic methods of attacking which he had even less taste than most other men—his genius, like most other geniuses, revolting against system, and the conventional types it tends to produce. Mr. Dickens, it is true, looked with a more than approving eye on all the aspects of jollity, even though accompanied, as they so often are, with self-indulgent weaknesses; and with a detestation perfectly morbid on these meaner and harsher elements in human nature which are fatal to jollity. He was far too fond, also, of pushing his doctrine of geniality to the point of sentimental falsehood."

*The Western Advocate* makes these suggestions as to the mode of introducing laymen into the General Conference:—

"It is our own conviction that the concurrent vote of three fourths of the members of the Annual Conferences, and two thirds of the General Conference, ought to be sufficient to change not only the Restrictive Rules, but also the other provisions of the Constitution of the General Conference, for the change of which no provision is found in the Discipline. Hence we regard this vote of the Annual Conferences as clothing the delegates to be chosen to the next General Conference with conventional powers, so that they may first convene as a Convention, and in that capacity act upon the constitutional changes recommended, and then, with the lay del-

egates provisionally elected, organize the General Conference under the amended Constitution. This is the shortest and most regular method of procedure, and we doubt not that it will receive the hearty concurrence of the whole Church.

"And now, while on this point, we have a suggestion to make. It is that the Annual Conferences recommend the change of the provision for changing the Constitution of the General Conference, so that all the answers to the question propounded in the beginning of the section, may come under the same provision, and be changed by the same process. It will only require the striking out of the words, 'the above restrictions,' and the insertion of 'the foregoing provisions.' It can yet be recommended, and may be consummated while the delegates to the next Conference are sitting at a Constitutional Convention."

In reply to the eulogies of the Free Religionists on Chunder Sen for his conversion of the Hindoos, Rev. Mr. Baume, a missionary of India, in *The Northwestern*, shows that all that Sen says or does, is only a shadow following after the sun of missionary preaching. He adds these words from one of our missionaries: Others, longer in the field, have not been less influential. When those who are setting him up for a teacher truly examine this case, they will cease to praise a half Christian pagan, who has got all his light from missionaries, and then turns round and abuses them, but will recognize the great work done by Heber, Duff, Cary, and multitudes of such men of God who have led this Hindoo Julian, and Marcus Aurelius to all the lights which they have, and by which they seek to put out the very Gospel sun, that also has delivered them from the pagan darkness of thousands of years. Will the commanders of this new light put this extract, from Mr. Baume's article, in their current religious columns:—

"It is little more than twelve years since we commenced our mission work in India. The mission has organized 106 schools, with 224 teachers, 4,250 scholars on the rolls, and an average daily attendance of 3,000. One of the missionaries, specially engaged in the educational department, in a recent report of the work, says: 'Our schools give us a local habitation and a name. They are the avenue of approach to important and influential classes of community otherwise unapproachable. They firmly impress Christian ideas upon the minds of those who, in a few years, will be the leaders of native society and thought. Our scholars are led almost imperceptibly to examine everything from the standpoint of Christian philosophy; and even when attempting to defend their own religion they will do it, not with the old syllogisms based on essential error, but with the weapons which we have given them.'

**WELL SAID.**—*The Pittsburg Advocate*, speaking of the Dickens' controversy, quotes a note asserting his Christianity from his words in almost his last letter, and then appropriately adds:—

"We quote this now, to note how deeply seated in the human mind is the impression, that religion is somehow or other to play a most important part in man's destiny in the hereafter. It is too often the case that men attaining eminence as statesmen, orators, poets, and humorists, become oblivious of the claims of religion during the active engagements of life; but death in many cases changes this. They do not like to die without saying something in commendation of religion; and their friends do not like to transfer their names to the catalogues of the dead wholly disconnected from religion, and the immortal hopes it inspires. Charles Dickens is not in this an isolated case. The history of religion, but little appreciated in life, yet respected in dying moments, is a too common history; and not alone among those who attain to eminence, but among all classes of society. Happy is he who shall avoid the error by an active life in the interests of religion, and whose dying experience will demand no change either in faith or practice."

## Original and Selected Papers.

## WHAT THE FERNS SAID.

We are only leaves; no bloom  
Findeth room  
On our thick upspringing green;  
We are mean,  
Poor and useless, but for one  
Gift alone.  
In the brook we see a trace  
Of our grace;  
Greenness like ours ought to hide  
By the side  
Of some sweet stream or pool,  
Clear and  
No gay birds stay here, they fly  
Through the sky  
To the gardens, where they find  
Close enshrin'd,  
In some flower-cup, the color  
Hardly duller  
Than that fishing like a gem  
Upon them.

Where gray rocks on hilly crest  
Stand close pressed, 'tis well to be  
With an inch of earth between, 'tis well to be  
We are seen, 'tis well to be  
We are tired, 'tis well to be  
We are tired, 'tis well to be  
And a calm, 'tis well to be  
To all eager souls that look'd out  
In each neck 'tis well to be  
For a pure and perfect sign, 'tis well to be  
That doth shine to the grinn'd eddies of the ocean  
In our leaves; a blessed word  
'tis well to be  
Of the Lord, 'tis well to be  
'tis well to be  
**OUR FIRST TWENTY DAYS ABROAD.**  
—BY ALONZO W. WOODRUFF.

Perhaps the first twenty days of a foreign trip are quite as full of excitement and heart-interest as any subsequent ones on the whole journey. Our party, made up now of four Methodist ministers, easily working into about the same plan of travel, have crowded these twenty days with an enjoyment singularly rare and beautiful. Our time has been just equally divided between the Atlantic Ocean and Ireland. There is no doubt that the sea is the great dread of those travelers who have never had any experience upon its waters. Almost everybody is afraid of the sea, and almost everybody ought to be. I have very little respect for those persons who are so destitute of sensibility that they can stand upon the solid shore and looking out upon three thousand miles of water, a restless, surging, uncertain ocean of water, and not be afraid. But all this fear is gone the moment you are out of sight of land. Once upon the deck of a good staunch ocean steamer, and under ordinary circumstances you have such a feeling of safety and enjoyment as richly compensates you for trusting yourself out into the new experience of seeing God's wonders in the deep. We made the passage from New York to Queenstown in ten days and two hours, which is now about the longest time allowed for the journey. The fast steamers commonly reach Ireland in less than nine days. During my last two or three days in America, I confess to a timidity of which I am not particularly proud, and I rather think that, if I had not been engaged for several months, and if a hundred or two friends had not been down at the wharf to bid me good-bye, at the very last moment I might have been benevolent enough to have sold my first class state-room to an anxious and belated passenger, and ignominiously surrendered all my golden dreams of the Old World. As it was, I made no show of my faint-heartedness, and managed to keep up my spirit enough to seem quite comfortable and happy. It is a kind thing to see a friend off, when he is about to sail for other lands. It is a savor that the traveller never forgets. He is just in the mood to need that sort of attention. The pleasant, anxious faces of that interested crowd of true friends that gave their parting blessing to the good ship "Minnesota" as she left her dock on that beautiful May afternoon will always be hung up as a choice picture in my memory. Of course, the shade in such a picture, is the sense of loneliness, that fills the soul for a few moments, after the last light from the wharf has faded out of sight. An ocean voyage has two sets of experience, one relating to the coasts we leave and reach, and the other to the mid-ocean. On the coasts we lose and catch the glimpses of the land. We meet logs and ships, and birds, and sea-flowers, but out in the midst of the wide waters we have nothing but the ship, and the sea, and the sky. It is quite possible to be five or six days in mid-ocean without seeing a single sail, or having any evidence that there is a living being in the world except our own ship's company. It is in these times, that the grandeur of the ocean fills the soul with those emotions that enter into one's permanent life. Nor do you need a storm at sea, to kindle a tempest of feeling in the soul. A single wild storm might be all very well perhaps, but I am quite certain is not absolutely necessary to the highest enjoyment of the ocean. Let there be wind enough to lift the waves about one quarter as high as the falls of Niagara, with the staunch steamer rolling from side to side, down close enough to the sea to wet her

decks, and reveal the curves of beauty, in the deep blue and crest-crested waves, with vanishing rainbows under the prow, and leaping billows chasing the craft, with fifty happy passengers intoxicated with the joy of their new role in life, and you will have a pretty fair picture of some of the best days we had, after we had out-sailed the fogs of Newfoundland, and dismissed our fears of the ice-monsters that sport in that region. An ocean passage is greatly affected by your fellow voyagers. Ours were as nearly perfect as fifty miscellaneous persons could well be. I speak of the passengers in the cabin. The one hundred and fifty in the steerage, as good as we were by nature, and far worse by alienation, made no part of our rest. They were as far removed from us, as the common people of the east side of a city are from the aristocracy of the west side. Caste is King, on shipboard. One of our steerage passengers, a man with five languages upon his fluent tongue, died at eight o'clock one evening, and by midnight his body was in the sea. I doubt whether all the cabin passengers know yet, that we had a death on board. We had a dozen members of our Church among the fifty cabin passengers, and nearly all the rest were professors of religion, about equally made up of Quakers, Unitarians, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, so that the whole voyage had

a pleasant public cast of piety; of course we were not always in meeting, hardly at all so, except on the Sabbath, but all the fun had a serious background. Our chief amusement was promenading the deck with whoever could walk the steadiest, stopping long enough to hear any rollicking or serious story that had tears or laughter in it, but for the most part we all felt that, during such wonderful days as the sea affords, the *value* in one's soul ought to be left for the crowntops that are touched with the sunlight. Perhaps the most useful passenger on board was a venerable business man from New York, whose brow had braved the storms of seventy winters, without thickening the wrinkles of a happy face. He was on a visit to his native England, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with seven other ladies under his charge, and had that happy combination of qualities that constitute the real gentleman. He knew exactly how to tell a story and when. He could be grave or comic, just where gravity or comedy was in place, and you had a sort of instinctive impression that he was none of your men in masquerade, that he led no double life, that his laughter and his prayers were both genuine, and that the world would be poorer without him. Our captain was a loyal son of the English Church and was commonly his own chaplain, but early in the voyage invited me very courteously to take charge of the Sabbath services and deliver the morning sermon. When the Sabbath came I distributed the services among all the ministers on board, one of the younger brethren preaching a most acceptable discourse on the "Anchor, as the emblem of the Christian's hope." The services were as acceptable to the passengers that there was a universal demand for another meeting in the evening, and another of our brethren preached with great liberty concerning our heavenly home. Our first and only Sabbath at sea, was a blessed victory. It is quite possible that the old ocean put on a better appearance to me, because I entirely escaped all sea-sickness. I know nothing of the horrors of that malady, and am very much inclined to think that they have been quite overstated, though I must be frank enough to say that some of my poor fellow-travelers, on this very voyage, will hardly thank me for letting Neptune off quite so easily. They thought that sea-sickness was terrible. We reached the coast of Ireland in a fog, but we felt our way calmly and safely, and by one o'clock Sabbath morning had sailed through Queenstown Bay, the beautiful gate of the Emerald Isle, and was once more on solid ground. Our ten days in Ireland, judiciously distributed, have given us a most satisfactory impression of this remarkable island. We have first of all, the bay of Queenstown, which broke upon us in all its beauty, from our hotel windows on Sabbath morning, filling us with the fear that we had fallen upon the beauty of our whole trip at the very opening of the journey. We are very careful not to confess it here, and yet even our New York bay must be modest with her laurels while Queenstown is about. Our first castle rain was at Blarney, a few miles out of Cork, and being the first, had an interest that a few days more of ruined abbeys and castles has quite modified. The old wretched charge, refused to let us out until we had kissed the Blarney Stone, a fact that ever after invests the life with a hemmed power that is irresistible. To be sure we had no faith in its efficacy, but I think my comrades were not displeased that the weird little Irish woman compelled the service. The groves of Blarney are just at the base of the castle, and have an air of enchantment about them of which one could scarcely ever tire. We found a cave of the Druids in these groves; a kind of underground temple large enough for a dozen worshipers, and our party converted it for the time into a Methodist chapel, and rendered our blessed old doxology with genuine heartiness. We saw Cork, Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry, each of them grand cities in their way; and here we were interested very much with the Giant's Causeway, but the crowning of Ireland to us were the "Likes of Killarney." We spent two days upon them and around them, and to describe them well, would require the similes and adjectives of a hundred guide books. They cannot be described, they must be enjoyed. You first have a drive of ten miles

through a cultured landscape, every rod of which seems like the garden of a nobleman; you then have a walk of five miles through the Gap of Dunloe, a pass in the mountains so wild and beautiful, so filled with legends and echoes, and surprises, that you literally skip upon the mountains, and the rugged walk scarcely wearis you. We then have the twelve miles of sailing upon the three charming lakes, until the first day at Killarney is filled up to the very brim with joy. The next day is around the lakes, visiting the most remarkable ruin in all Ireland—the "Muckross Abbey," a lasting evidence that the stern protestant of Oliver Cromwell had a brave heart and a heavy hand. Our drive continuing on the "Tore Mountain" where stretching out before us far as the eye can reach, or a fine field-glass can compass, a wonderful panorama of lake, castle, farm, lawn, cattle, hedge, fern, and flower, a scene to which, if you are shut up to only one descriptive word, BEAUTIFUL must be selected, but better still, a natural picture in the presence of which a deep silence is the most appropriate.

MARRIAGE, BY ROBERT COLLYER.

[This charming prose poem on the happiest of human themes is especially beautiful at this fervent hour. Differing much and vitally with its author on the spiritual tenets and experiences, we are, however, glad to publish such a didactical poem as this.]

Let all read it.

Husband and wife is the most sacred relation of humanity. They stand for more than father and mother, or parents and children, because they are the fountain from which these relations spring; and, by changing the mere man and woman into those sacred names, make that a glory which were otherwise a shame.

Husband and wife is a relation as old, according to the Bible, as our human history; and nothing out of the Bible that I know of contradicts this testimony. Other old books cast the matter into other forms, as they themselves are the product of other races; but the whole story looks like this when it is told: That in the beginning the Divine Power made man and woman, and set them on the throne of the world, and gave them from the first the grace to be husband and wife, to find in each other the counterpart and completion of their own being. And, while the creation over which they were given "dominion" followed its special instinct and sought its lair or made its nest, then brought forth its young, and before another spring knew them no more for its own than if they were on another continent, this husband and wife made them a home, reared a family, were steadfast not for a few months, but for a lifetime, to them that were born of their body, sent them out in due time to do as they had done, but still counted them and their children as an intimate belonging of the old homestead; and so the Human race has never avenged itself with the beasts that perish, except as it has become lower and worse. It is husband and wife wherever you find them—he the weapon man and she the web-man, as the old Anglo-Saxon Bible translates those words of Jesus whom He says: "Have ye not read that He, which made them at the beginning made them male and female—he the weapon man, she the web-man; he the defender, and she the clother; he the warrior, and she the weaver; each indispensable to the other, and both indispensable to the whole?"

And the divine alchemy, if I may use the word, that transmutes the man and woman into husband and wife is marriage. It always has been so, and no doubt always will be. The observance of marriage as a ceremony is a very different thing in different countries and times, ranging all the way from the custom of the Australian black who beats the maiden, he will take until she is insensible, and then carries her off to his hut, to the pure and simple ceremonial used in the best Protestant communions. In the grossest savagery marriage is as rude and brutal as possible. As we run in the true scale of life it takes a nobler and better form, and on the summits of life it is a sacrament, and certain, if we take it unworthily, to bring damnation. But from the rudest and most brutal savage to the truest American marriage—the loftiest and best, as I believe, on the planet—it is always in some sense the same thing that is done in this union. It turns the man and woman into husband and wife, creates the beginning of a home, insures a true and welcome identity between parents and offspring, binds life together between one generation and another, and out of the kingdom of Nature helps to bring the kingdom of God. "For marriage," Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, "taketh the bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness, labors and unites into societies and republies, keeps order, exercises many virtues, promotes the general interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God has designed the present constitution of the world."

Marriage is, therefore, a divine institution, not only because there is sanction for it in the Bible and blessing for it in the Church, but especially because there is a divine reason for it in our life. So when Jesus said, "A man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one." What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder," it was the sequel and conclusion to what He had said a moment before—that God had made it so in the beginning. A true marriage is, therefore, always a religious act in itself, because religion means the binding of one to another, whether it be on earth or in Heaven, in a true and pure union. So the Scriptures never command this relation, they only recognize and bless and guard it. Everything seems to be settled, once for all, from their own beautiful and holy vision of it, where the man wakes before the fall; sees the woman that God has brought to him, recognizes her as a part of his very self, takes her to his heart, and God is there as a witness and blesses them. Marriage in the Bible stands forth as a divine fact rather than a divine commandment, it is integrally one with our creation; the blessing of God is within

that already on which the minister calls the blessing of God to descend. Nothing can be added to a true wedding of two human souls and lives but religious ceremonial and the proper social safeguards. The man and woman, in this true wedding, become husband and wife because their Creator made them for each other, just as much as He made Adam and Eve, and brought them face to face as He did those two in Eden. And so, when it is really true to those that take part in it, the good old-fashioned, Quaker wedding is nearest the truth of God, in which the man and woman declare, as the ground of their union, that they have been moved to this deed by the Holy Spirit. That declaration not only brings the Lord to the marriage, but makes Him also the matchmaker; and it must be for this cause, in its measure, that so large a proportion of these Quaker matches turn out well. But every true match is made in Heaven; and all true men and women who believe this and act on it, find something of Heaven in their match, so that John Brown, of Haddington, was not so far wrong when he felt the time had come for him to enter the holy estate, and that he had seen the woman the Lord had made to be his wife, and went to tell her so; and the good soul knew what he had come about, and was just as sure as he was that she was meant for him and he for her. Yet he said, "My dearest madam, you know what I am going to say; but, if you please, before I say it, we will ask a blessing." And that was what they did in the experience of all times, and no doubt of all peoples, that men and women are made for each other to be husband and wife; are very often brought together by a providence they cannot account for, and can never be separated in their souls any more. A young man goes into a room with a heart as free as an untrained swallow, and comes out of it sixty minutes after a captive for life; and the maiden knows what the youth knows, and in her heart says amen to the revelation, though it may take her some time to say it with her lips. I have a friend in Philadelphia, a man of great intelligence, who told me that when he was in the middle of the Pacific, on a voyage, he saw a face in a dream, and it was borne in upon him that this was the face of his

wife. He went through many adventures after that, was away about seven years, came back, went home, went to quarterly meeting in Bucks County, and there saw, in a Quaker bonnet, for the first time with his human eyes, the face he had seen in his dream. The maiden became his wife, and I never saw a happier pair on the earth, or a sweeter home or children. And I have no doubt of the perfect truth of the story; all true marriages are made in ~~Heaven~~; so ~~as to bring us out of cloistered~~ ~~as we live as adult~~ ~~and true~~ ~~As heavenly light is blent with heavenly blue.~~ ~~and we~~ ~~and we~~

And any true observation of the life we are living will bring the assurance that marriages of this sort are by no means so few as cynics and satirists would leave us to infer. From thirty to forty years of intimate observation in two widely separate sections of society, two worlds, and the intimacy of a minister to boot, can be of service in forming an opinion, it is mine that a great preponderance of the men and women that become husband and wife find their ~~help~~ ~~meets~~, their matches, the one being they need to make up the full measure so far of their life in the man or woman they marry. It is probable they may not find what I may call their ideal man or woman—the wonderful person the romances can make so much better than the Lord makes us, in the sense that the pictures in a fashion-plate are finer than the portraits of Healy or Eaton. When we form our taste on this sort of standard, we are likely to be disappointed, and ought to be. It is possible, too, for many reasons I shall not give, that in the truest match the Lord Himself can make, there will be times when the husband and wife cannot see eye to eye, or make one music of the "bass" and alto in which they plighted their faith. It is extremely probable, if a man cannot always feel satisfied with himself before he is married, he will not always feel satisfied with his wife after: and, if she sometimes charges herself with fully

when she is a maiden, she may do the same now, and then by her husband when she is a wife. If my self-love cannot hide or extenuate what is wrong in myself always, it must be a very tender and holy and everlasting love that will steadily overlook what may be wrong in another that I only love as well as myself. Indeed, I know of nothing in the structure of this universe, or in life, or in the Bible, that can bear me out in the idea that a doubled possibility of happiness in the addition of another life to mine ought not to bring just that much more trial also. Twice the felicity imparts twice the infelicity in every other direction. The most delicate organization is always exposed to the most appalling pain. This is in some way to be expected then. In what way we cannot very well foresee, and it is not best we should. It may be health, or temper, or habit. It is no matter, there must be trial of our faith in each other, as there is of our faith in God; and some doubt now and then of each other's love, as there is now and then of the diviner love of Heaven. No man or woman has any business to enter into this intimate oneness of life and soul without such an expectation. When the lark soars and sings over a mountain-tarn, his shadow is as deep in the water as his soaring is high in heaven. Wise old Bishop Taylor says again: "Marriage has in it less of beauty than a single life, but more of safety. It is more merry, but also more sad. It is full of joys, but also of sorrows. It lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful." Something like that, then, is to be expected in the very nature of things. It is to be found, as the shadows cast by the truest and purest light that ever shines in a home. The sweetest wife that ever lived has said things to her husband scores of times that she would allow no human being to say about him, or once said all that third person must hear a piece of her mind; if I were in a prayer-meeting, and the truest husband will now, and then make his will known to his wife in tones so impressive that, if he heard another utter them to the entire world, it would bring him leaping like a leopard at the scoundrel who dared to speak so to the mother of his children. "Jack," we said to our Journeyperson, when he had been down home once, "Jack, what is the matter?" "Matter,"

enough," Jack replied sheepishly. "I war going past a house at Oxtleystown end, an' I hear'd a woman scream murder. I rushed in, and there war her husband bitten her; so I hit him and knocked him doon, and war holding him by the throat, an' first thing I knew she war bitten me with the roxen, an' wanting to know what I struck her husband for." It was an illustration from a range of life among the Yorkshire hills—that was little better, thirty years ago, than the savage—of a principle that holds good in the sweetest and best homes of the land, where the uttermost hurt is a sharp word, that is repented of and forgiven the moment it is spoken. Husbands and wives, when they are wise, understand and act up to it as the condition of being what they are, and bear and forbear within all fair lines and limits. With these elements in them, and forming a part of their very structure, my observation convinces me that the true match is the rule. In the overwhelming majority of instances those that come to be husband and wife were made to be husband and wife. In the face of our sins and failings, very often by the tender mercy of God, and not at all of our deserving, the great gift is given that makes a heaven for us where we would have made perdition for ourselves sometimes, and sometimes the blessed life comes of honor and truth all their life-long; in those that are made one in it, John and Mary sit in their house and wonder how Thomas and Susan manage to make so brave a show of their small stock of esteem, and Thomas and Susan shake their heads now and then about John and Mary. But you find that somehow within, if all there is better with the worse, as there is worse with the better. Very tender and true are they all when sickness strikes them; very sorely they weep over little graves; and then, if they must part, and one goes to the long home and one stays in this, whatever they may do that are left to mend the poor, broken life is well done, if they do it modestly and truly, and has the blessing of the Risen One. But, then, in that case it is always one more in a heart made larger to hold one more; never one cast out to make way for another. The match made in Heaven is never un-made. — *The Independent.* 2d—WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1857.

WHAT IS EARTH? CHILDREN. I have often told you that the earth is a very large place, and that it is the home of all living creatures. Now, let us see what the word "earth" means in different ways.

**What is earth, sexton?** A place to dig graves.

**What is earth, rich man?** A place to work slaves.

**What is earth, peasant?** A place to grow old.

**What is earth, miser?** A place to dig gold.

**What is earth, school-boy?** A place for my play.

**What is earth, maiden?** A place to be gay.

**What is earth, seamstress?** A place where I weep.

**What is earth, sluggard?** A good place to sleep.

**What is earth, soldier?** A place for a battle.

**What is earth, herdsman?** A place to raise cattle.

**What is earth, widow?** A place where I am alone.

**What is earth, sorrows?** A place where I am unhappy.

**What is earth, tradesman?** I'll tell you to-morrow.

**What is earth, sick man?** There is nothing to me.

**What is earth, sailor?** My home is the sea.

**What is earth, statesman?** A place to win fame.

**What is earth, author?** I'll write there my name.

**What is earth, monarch?** I am a king.

For my realm it is given.  
What is earth, Christian?  
The passage to heaven.

Mr. BUCHANAN DOES NOT WANT TO BE PRESIDENT  
I like Mr. —. He cannot exactly be called gentlemanly in his manners, there being a sort of rusticity about him; moreover, he has a habit of squinting one eye, and an awkward carriage of his head; but, withal, a dignity in his large person, and a consciousness of high position and importance, which gives him ease and freedom. Very simple and frank in his address, he may be as crafty as other diplomats are said to be; but I see only good sense and plainness of speech, — appreciative, too, and genial enough to make himself conversable. He talked very freely of himself and of other public people, and of American and English affairs. He returns to America, he says, next October, and then retires forever from public life, being sixty-four years of age, and having now no desire except to write memoirs of his times, and especially of the administration of Mr. Polk. I suggested a doubt whether the people would permit him to retire; and he immediately responded to my hint as regards his prospects for the Presidency. He said that his mind was fully made up, and that he would never be a candidate, and that he had expressed this decision to his friends in such a way as to pit it out of his own power to change it. He acknowledged that he should have been glad of the nomination for the Presidency in 1852; but that it was now too late, and that he was too old, — and, in short, he seemed to be quite sincere in his *solo episcopari*; although, really, he is the only democrat, at this moment, whom it would not be absurd to talk of for the office. As he talked, his face flushed, and he seemed to feel inwardly excited. Doubtless, it was the high vision of half his lifetime which he here relinquished. I cannot question that he is sincere; but, of course, should the people insist upon having him for President, he is too good a patriot to refuse; wonder whether he can have had any object in saying all this to me. He might see that it would be perfectly natural for me to tell it to General Pierce. But it is a very singular idea, — this of seeing craft and subtlety where there is plain and honest aspect.

berlain, for admission to view the two Houses of Parliament ; and the ambassador drew from his pocket a colored silk handkerchief, and made a knot in it, in order to remind himself to ask the Lord Chamberlain. The homeliness of this little incident has a sort of propriety, and keeping with much of Mr. —'s manner; but it would rather not have him do so before English people." — *Review of W.*

**A MESSAGE BY TELEGRAPH**

Long months may pass, O friend beloved, ere I thy face may see.  
And anxious days, ere from thy hand a letter come: to me;  
But yet a message sent the how - O wonderful to tell -  
Comes speeding with a lightning's flash, to tell me "thou art well."  
Didst whisper to some passing breeze the message sent to me?  
O, no, the changing wind would catch and whirl it back to thee;  
But by a line, a wondrous line, I hear from time to day,  
And send an answer back to thee, a thousand miles away.  
'Tis passing strange; but yet I know a telegraph by far  
More wonderful than if it reached the moon or farthest star:  
It flashes my unwhispered thought to Him who says to me,  
"Before thou callest I will hear," and quickly answer thee.  
A wide and fathomless abyss excludes my longing soul  
From that of abode of light and love where heavenly pleasures roll;  
But there's a way, a wondrous way, by which to reach the throne,  
And bring sweet messages of love and strength and blessings down.  
O Thou by whom we come to God, "the life, the truth, the way,  
Thou for whose sake He sends His ear and listens while I pray,  
O, speed my prayer; Thou who Thyself the path of prayer hast trod,  
And better far, O bear at last my ransomed soul to God.

**INSPIRATION.** "This inspiration was in sundry portions and in divers manners;" but it was in full and entire that the result was, "God spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." Sometimes, as in the historical books, the sacred historian may have been moved by God's spirit to make diligent inquiry into human chronicles and even to embody certain portions of them, as the genealogies in his holy writing. Sometimes the inspired author may have earnestly desired to select the most appropriate language. Sometimes the inspiration came in dreams, where the outward senses were steeped in sleep. Sometimes it was by a waking vision, when the prophet was conscious of himself that his eyes were open on other material objects. Very often it was by an audible voice as we read. "The word of the Lord came to me, saying." Perhaps most frequently it was the secret prompting of the Spirit of God in or upon the spirit of man. But in every case that which the sacred writer was moved to record, whether the chronicle of facts, or the narration of a dream from memory, or the description of a vision at the time of its occurrence, or the taking down of words as spoken by a heavenly messenger, seen or unseen, or the expression in writing of that which the Holy Spirit impressed on the heart—in every case the original Scripture was under the direct superintendence and governance of the Holy Spirit. God was responsible—if I may use the phrase with deep reverence—God was responsible for every word. So that the Bible, in the language of the great Locke, "has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error, for its matter." In *1 Timothy 6:16* the apostle writes,

**BRAHMIN-CATHEDRAL.**—Brussels has a grand cathedral dedicated to Saints Michael and Gudule. If I could only give to you, who have not seen them, some idea of the vastness and beauty of these cathedrals! But descriptions are tiresome and dimensions nobody reads. If I could only tell you how far extending they are, both upon earth and toward heaven—how they seem not so much to have been built stone upon stone, as to have stood from the foundation of the world, solitary, alone, until after long ages some straggling town came to wonder and worship and sit at their feet in awe. We crept in through a narrow door that shut behind us with a dull echo. A chill like that of a tomb pervaded, the air, though a summer sun beat down upon the stones outside. A forest of clustered columns rose all around us. Far above our heads was a gray sky—the groined arches where little birds flew about. Blasted windows glistened down the vast length, broken by the divisions and subdivisions, —one, far above the grand entrance, like the wheel of a chariot of fire. All along the walls, over the altar and filling the chapel niches, were pictures of saints and martyrs and blessed virgin that seemed in the dim darkness like dots upon the wall. Muffled voices broke upon the stillness. Far up the nave a little company of worshippers knelt before the altar, —working-men who had thrown down mallet and chisel for a moment, to creep within the shadow of the sanctuary; market-women, a spray water still clinging to the folds of their gowns; children dropping upon the rush kneeling-chairs to mutter a prayer. God grant they feel with ever and anon above the murmur of the prayer, above the tone of white-robed priests, the low full chant from hidden singers echoing through the arches and among the pillars, following us down the aisle to where we read upon the monuments the deeds of some old knight dethroned times whose image has survived his dust, —whose works have followed him. — *Correspondence of Springfield Republican*, and elsewhere ads wait to worm in at the bottom.

My father's and mother's example is to me an everlasting bulwark against infidelity. In my memory they are transfigured, and that transfiguration would hold me if nothing else did, at the transfiguration of our Saviour here the dæmonies. Blessed are they who have had a transfiguration in their childhoods, school days, manhood and old age.

## ALONG THE COUNTRY LANES.

O tell me not of stately towers,  
Or glittering marble halls,  
My heart's love is in rural bowers,  
Amidst the foliage and the flowers.  
Where the lone ring-dove calls.  
When evening smiles my care beguiles,  
And sunlight softly wanes,  
Come forth and see and rove with me  
Along the country lanes.  
  
Sweet country lanes, and hedge-rows bright  
With blossoms wild and free!  
The honey-suckle and the rose  
Entwine in fragrance and repose,  
And gracefully agree.  
The white thorn's bloom shakes out perfume,  
And gentle silence reigns;  
Come, find pure joy without alloy  
Along the country lanes.  
  
In ever-variable hues  
With opening flowers bespangled,  
Each nook and bank and brake renews  
Its radiance of dissolving views  
Of grass and flower entangled.  
O joyous sight, in mellowed light,  
Shining o'er hills and plains,  
While breezes calm intone their psalm  
Along the country lanes.  
  
Hark! how the birds in concert sing  
With yonder curfew chime,  
While cuckoos skim with fluttering wing,  
And nightingales and thrushes ring  
Their harmonies of rhyme.  
From every bush melodious gush  
Creation's vesper strains  
Of high delight for ear and sight  
Along the country lanes.  
  
Come, then, and meditate of love,  
Love freed from earthly leaven;  
Come, hear soft whisperings from above—  
Echoes of angels' songs—and prove  
How near thou art to heaven.  
With boyant mind and heart refined  
From sin and sorrow's stains  
The dairied sod shall preach of God  
Along the country lanes. BENJAMIN GOUGH.

MOUNTFIELD, May 18.

OUR LANDLADY; THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN  
WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR.

BY MARJORIE BANKS.

My bed-room window overlooks her yard. Old, rich, and careful about many things, is she. "The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," I think, when I see her. Especially, it seems, is the word choked by this old, stone house, the chamber of which, in a rash moment, we hired for the winter. If it were burnished gold it could not be dearer or fairer to her, while to others it is simply rickety, rat-eaten and forlorn, with nothing but the blessed sunlight which floods and glorifies the little parlor; nothing but that and the wide window-seats to render it attractive or desirable. The rooms are small and low, especially the bed-rooms, which are mere closets; not a clothes-press does the house contain, so that Sunday and week-day gowns hang side by side from the wooden pegs at the foot of the bed. Our pantry is the wide window-seat in the back hall; an open window and outspread bit of mosquito netting giving air and covering to the food. The attic rooms are a marvel of discomfort and shabbiness; unpapered, low, narrow, and dimly lighted by tiny sliding windows which will not slide, or others hardly larger, held open originally by notched wooden buttons, worn smooth now. And yet so dear is the house to the heart of this old woman that she watches us with a jealous eye. When we enlarged our family, by one, she raised our rent, and reprimanded us severely for constantly using the parlor. Where did the good soul think we should live, with only parlor, dining-room, and kitchen at our command—a family of five!

"My good woman," said the pater familias, indignant, "so long as I do not abuse your rooms, I shall use my own judgment in regard to them."

"Ah well," said mater familias, anxious for peace, "perhaps we shall grow old and rent houses."

"The Lord forbid!" was the fervent response from the father of the family.

Along the dingy street are other dingy houses owned by this same old woman, but being of wood, they cannot, I am sure, weigh down her heart like this of stone. Ah! what would she say, to know that I had pasted autumn leaves beneath the pictures, upon the new wall paper of the little parlor. And now we hear that she is coming to call upon us—I shall not dare go in; I shall sit in the dining-room and watch for the dreadful look upon her face, when peering out from under her glasses, she first spies the innocent, blushing leaves, clinging so suspiciously to the new, gray paper.

"Ah!" she will say—but I do not dare think of that terrible day.

I know little of her life, save the kitchen and back-door side of it, which I see from my window. Monday morning, in snow or thaw she descends the steps, slowly, painfully into the yard; one hand holding a white cotton bag of clothes-pins, while with the other she drags after her a basket of freshly washed clothes. Looking at her wet apron, and wrinkled parboiled hands, I need not ask who washed them.

It may be that the neighbors who look into her front win-

dows, know of another life, a front-door, afternoon life, when she has laid aside the old black hood and long dark apron, and unrolled her sleeves. I wonder then if she wears a neat white cap, if she sits by the window, behind the plants, knitting a blue yarn stocking with a cat purring upon her lap. I have seen the plants, as I passed the house—green leaved, but without a flower. How could they blossom beneath the old woman's eye!—and upon the window sill lay the ball of yarn. But the cat—of that, I am not sure.

But I have said nothing of her looks. She has a little, round body, dented at the waist by her apron strings. How like a barrel must she be when the apron is untied!—a little, round face, separated from her shoulders by her cap strings. But all the lines run up and down upon her face,—and pleasant lines run sideways, so that when she looks up to my windows I look away. I do not know how it is with girls, but she hates boys, and ministers; alas, our family includes both! The former are always "tearing round," to use her own words, if they do nothing worse—and she has numerous illustrations to give upon this point—and the latter are always threatening to move out of her houses; which, considering their limited accommodations and sharp oversight, not to say unwarrantable interference, is hardly remarkable. Poor old woman, always in trouble, concerning the pump, the sink drain, or some other trivial terrestrial matter; it grieves me to think that Heaven with its rest, its spiritual joys, could be nothing to her. But sometimes when the sun shines on her, and the lines fade out upon her face, I think it may be that last great day, when not only the outward, but the inward is revealed, there will be found hidden in the old woman's heart and life, some goodness and beauty of which I did not know—but God knew.

CHILDREN.—Children's ways are such straight ways. I have often heard people say that it seems natural for most children to lie. I don't believe it! But the little creatures are taught deceit so soon, are so soon bribed by false nurses, and disappointed by forgetful parents, and the promises made to them are so often ruthlessly broken, that it is really a wonder they ever learn to be true! Then their imaginations are vivid, and they live in a wonder-world. Common things, to us, are fairy-like to them, and little things seem great. Often they unconsciously exaggerate. Go back yourself, when grown, to the village where, a child, you went to school, and see how dwarfed the houses look, how narrow the streets, how insignificant the store where you used to buy pop-corn and slate pencils. Then you will see that you have lost your childish magnifying glasses.

Never insult a child by a doubt of its word, even by an incredulous look, if you value its truthfulness. Never coax or drive it into a confession of something that it has denied. Let its yes be yes, and its nay nay, and let it never know the time when it was not trusted.

Children believe very implicitly. A lady told me that some time ago, her little niece, under her temporary care, came and said to her, "Pray, Aunt Maria, how long am I to wear this dress? Please let me take it off."

"You must wear it, Lucy, till it is worn out," said the Aunt, and thought no more about it. An hour afterward, as she sat by her window, she saw her little charge rubbing herself back and forth against a tree, and evidently doing her best to ruin her frock.

"Why, Lucy, what are you doing?"

"Only trying to get this worn out, Auntie," was the reply.

The faith of children leads them so easily to Christ, that it is strange that people do not labor more earnestly and incessantly even than they do for their conversion. For them, no Mr. Worldly Wiseman lies in wait, with his smirks and his smiles; no Slough of Despond traps their feet, as they go, with confident hand, up to the wicket gate. Even when their journey is a very short one, and ere they or we know it, they are standing by the dark river, how brightly and smilingly they enter its waves. The glory from the "gates ajar," streams over their dimpled faces, as they smile up to the waiting angels. —*Advance.*

## Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

(Reported for Zion's Herald.)

INDIANAPOLIS, June 27th.

The Fifteenth Annual International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and British Provinces, met at 10 o'clock A. M., Wednesday, June 22d, in the Academy of Music, and was called to order by J. S. McLean of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Vice-President of the Portland Convention, in the absence of Wm. H. Dodge, Jr., the President, who was detained by injury from a railroad accident. Rev. H. A. Edson, of Indianapolis, invoked the blessing of God upon the deliberations of the Convention assembled, after which Mr. Beach of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was elected temporary Secretary. After singing, under the direction of Wm. H. Doane of Cincinnati, Rev. F. C. Holliday, of Indianapolis, read a portion of Scripture, and the Convention joined with Rev. S. B. Barnitz of Wheeling, West Pa., in prayer.

A committee of one from each State and Province was appointed on permanent organization. The rules of previous Conventions were adopted, and all clergymen, members of the press, and friends of the Association, present, were elected corresponding members. Mr. W. H. Doane was invited to take charge of the singing during the Convention, and a business committee consisting of seven members was appointed, to whom were to be referred all questions of interest during the meeting.

Hon. S. S. Fisher of Washington, in behalf of the Committee on Permanent Organization, submitted the name of J. S. McLean of Halifax for President, with twelve others for Vice-Presidents, and R. H. Hinkley of Philadelphia, D. C. Bell of Minneapolis, and G. G. Swensburg of Grand Rapids, for Secretaries, who were unanimously elected.

Mr. McLean made a brief and interesting speech in accepting his position, after which the remainder of the forenoon session was spent in singing and prayer. The afternoon session of the Convention met pursuant to adjournment in the First Baptist Church, in order to afford the citizens opportunity to arrange and decorate the Academy for a magnificent reception and welcome of the delegates by the citizens in the evening. The Convention proper, after social exercises, was called to order by the President and opened with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by Rev. Dr. T. M. Eddy of Baltimore. Among the Vice-Presidents upon the platform were Hon. George H. Stuart of Philadelphia, and H. Thane Miller of Cincinnati. Standing committees were appointed on Executive Committee's Report, Devotional and Open Air Meetings, Business, and Resolutions. Hon. George H. Stuart addressed the Convention upon the necessity of seeking the influence of the Holy Spirit for a wonderful work of grace during the stay of the delegates, and suggested as a motto for the Convention, which was adopted, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

Mr. Alfred Wicks of Brooklyn, chairman of the Business Committee, then announced the first subject for discussion, namely,—"Why do Young Men's Christian Associations die?" and opened the discussion by referring to the importance of the question, and stating that the Association at Troy, New York, one of the largest and most flourishing of the country, had totally died out. Mr. Mott of Pa., McBurney of New York, Bunsell of Illinois, Edsall of Brooklyn, Perkins of Illinois, and others, participated in the discussion, assigning as reasons or causes of decline, too many honorary members, lack of leaders and love and spiritual fire, poor means for such important ends, too much success, too much work, and inefficient leaders. After the singing of "The Prodigal Son," by H. Thane Miller, the Convention adjourned to half past seven in the evening.

The meeting at night being a greeting from the citizens of Indianapolis to the delegates of the Convention, all the preparations as well as the programme of exercises were under their control. The Academy of Music, which seats about three thousand, was crowded to its utmost extent. The decorations of the Hall by the ladies was certainly one of the most tasty and attractive handiwork we have ever met west of the Alleghenies. Indianapolis deserves flattering mention for its good old-fashioned Western Hoosier greeting, so full of soul, given to the Convention.

Gov. Baker of Indiana, who had been selected to preside, declared, on taking the chair, in the fewest possible words, the zest and spontaneity of the citizens in this their hearty welcome. His Honor, Daniel Macauley, Mayor of the city, spoke the welcome of the municipal authorities, and Dr. Day of the city clergymen. The President of the Indianapolis Association being ill, Rev. J. B. Brandt, received the delegates with words of cheer in behalf of that body. These gratifying expressions of the people were responded to by President McLean, Vice-Presidents Hon. George H. Stuart, and H. Thane Miller. Mr. K. A. Bumell welcomed the representatives of the press, and after the singing of the "Old, Old Story," by H. Thane Miller, nearly two hours were spent in informal fraternal greetings. Introduction had little to do in the formation of acquaintance. These Western folk come right at you with soul in hand.

The Convention assembled on Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock, and the religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Harper of Indianapolis. The question for discussion presented, was "What branch of Association work has afforded most encouragement during the year?" Rev. George A. Hall of Washington, D. C., opened the discussion with a thrilling account of the open-air meetings of the Associations. E. C. Kimball of Erie, Penn., thought that the fellowship of Christian churches had been the prominently successful feature of Association work. Messrs. Moore of Massachusetts, Baldwin of New Jersey, and Hague of Canada, affirmed that the great encouragement came from out-door meetings. Mr. Cressy of Iowa, said the result of his experience was that success came most from cottage prayer-meetings, held wherever the people would receive them. Messrs. Stuart of Philadelphia, Euninger of Mansfield, O., and Glass of Baltimore, spoke in favor of out-door exercises, while Mr. Sheaff of Cincinnati, said with them they had not been a success. After many five minutes speeches upon the same question, the Convention adjourned to afternoon. At the close of the session a note from Gov. Baker was received, saying the "latch string was out at the State House to the Convention."

The afternoon session called to order at 2½ o'clock, was opened with the reading of the Scripture by Rev. Mr. Campbell of Halifax, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Hascall of Illinois. After miscellaneous business, a stream of resolutions poured upon the Convention, occupying the greater part of the afternoon. The executive committee reported 802 Associations on the Continent, 207 having been organized during the current year, and 64 of those embraced in the enumeration of last year being omitted in this. The Treasurer's report gave a balance in the hands of the Executive Committee of \$1,428.49.

The closing exercises of the afternoon consisted in a collection of questions from the audience which were answered promptly by designated delegates.

The evening session was devoted to the discussion of "How shall we best reach the young men coming, to our great



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## THE MASSACHUSETTS PROHIBITION BULL RUN.

The feeling in Massachusetts over the passage of the Free Liquor Bill is one of the most profound regret. That it could have passed at all, through such bands as it did, makes the regret the deeper. For almost twenty years, with the interval of a single year, Prohibition has been the law of the State. It has abolished liquor selling and public liquor drinking from two thirds of the towns. It has made there the dram-shop and tavern a obsolete institution. It has educated a generation of country youth without the sight of this temptation. Not reclusive villages only, but large towns have been alike free from this baleful presence. Boston was being girdled. It rebelled, it conquered. Again it was subdued, and now it saps and mines; makes others feable to execute, and them demands liberty for that which it refuses to forbid. It gets it. What is the consequence? Unless specifically forbidden, every apothecary can sell in any quantity, without any restriction, and anybody that chooses can be an apothecary. All our Irish or Yankee drug-dealer has to do, is to put a few colored bottles in his window, and a string of small empty glass jars labelled in gilt, and black on his shelves, and he is free to sell whisky, wines, and brandies at his own good or evil pleasure, the permission of his town or city to keep an apothecary's shop being all the prerequisite he needs. Everybody that wishes can establish a beer shop whenever he pleases, unless towns resist, and in them all wines and liquors will be sold. Who is to decide in Boston? Is the State consenable to small and taste of every glass to see whether it is the State liquor or not? Who can tell bottled cider from gin, or champagne, or white wines, and brandies? Who can tell colored beers from colored brandies? Who is to smell and taste every glass put on every counter to see whether or not it is the approved brand?

Then, too, nobody is required to buy of the State agent. He can purchase of whom he pleases. The whole trade is substantially legalized. And all this without fee or license. Free trade in liquor is the law in Massachusetts in respect to half the intoxicating drinks. We have lost the rum fee and the confiscated liquor. It is a legalizing of one half the traffic. The only safeguard is the vote next September, a poor one, but it is all we have. We have suffered a Bull Run defeat. Under our chosen leaders we have been shamefully repulsed. From Washington the animus of the defeat came. An attempt was made to secure a bill worse even than this; one that authorized hotels to sell all kinds of liquor to their guests. The compromise committee forgot to put that iniquity into the law.

It may be said, these results are not all possible, because apothecaries are allowed to sell only for medicinal, mechanical, or chemical purposes. But who is to tell what such purposes are? Had they been allowed to sell only for medicinal purposes on the prescription of a regular physician, and in quantities of the usual size of such prescriptions, with a register of all such sales for the inspection of the authorities, it would have been bad enough, but as it is, there is no possible line that can be drawn around their traffic. They are the worst of all places for such privileges, for they are open all night, and every Sunday. They will spring up, ostensibly as apothecaries, but actually as rum shops, all over our rum cities, and wherever they can get a board of selectmen to allow them the privilege. This is already the case in Providence. It will be in Massachusetts.

What is our duty? First, to fight on the line back to which we have been thus fatally driven. Perhaps our generals can rally us there. Henry Wilson and William Clafin, with the Prohibition Representatives and Senators that voted for the bill, should publish an appeal over their own signatures as fellow-citizens, to the people of the Commonwealth, to rally at the polls and save us from the ruin that overhangs us; they will thus do something to help the cause they have, we doubt not, honestly at heart. The Governor ought to appoint a special day of fasting and prayer for the iniquity that has come upon us, and to follow it up with an earnest appeal to the people to rally to the September ballot, and by a strong vote declare that they will not allow this evil to obtain dominion over their town and city, and that they will restore the broken down law in all its lost strength and over all the State.

The people should organize anti-liquor clubs in every ward and town, and prepare to defend themselves against this enemy. The time is very short, and the season very unpropitious; but it is all the time and weather we have. We must make the most of it. The Republican Convention must put Prohibition into its platform. For three years we have urged it to this duty. Two thirds of the last Convention were prohibitionists, but a timid, time-serving policy prevailed; a rum and water ticket was nominated, a prohibitionist and a free rumite heading it, and being nominated together and elected together, rum and water resolutions were also fittingly adopted. All this must be changed. If the Convention plays fast and loose with this cause as they have in the past, the revolt from its ranks will be greater than it dreams. The people are not represented in this half-policy. They will stand no more of it. Maine has shown us in the nomination of Sydney Perham, a plucky, forefront, Judge Pitman prohibitionist, what a purpose she has. A half-hearted rival was defeated because he was half-hearted. Every district should be worked to its uttermost to secure a delegation that is determined on a prohibitory plank in the Republican Platform.

We should prepare to put this question of its own merits before the people. All the will be of no avail, unless this is done. Get signatures to a call for a Prohibitory Convention to nominate State officers. Anybody in any town that loves this cause, do it. The Methodist preachers can do it. They did great work in creating an anti-slavery party. They should do no less in getting this cause into political training. Prepare a paper, brother, approving of such a Convention, and go to every voter in your town and get his name, and send it to H. D. Cushing, esp. 14 Brondfield Street. Don't wait an hour after you read this. The Republican party to-day is in the power of the free rum leaders. They have managed it: they will manage it, unless the Prohibition section is frightened into duty. Do this duty and you will conquer all the parties to the cause.

Finally, let every lover of his God and country preach, pray, work, for this victory. The Bull Run defeat was our greatest victory. So has this nerved the hearts of the real friends of this cause, as they never were nerved before. They are resolved to act sternly and steadily. Their way is clear. No more parleying, no more compromises. He who is for them must fight for them. Every candidate for the governorship must give his pledge for complete and unconditional Prohibition. If he will not, though he were the sign on their right hand, yet will they pluck him thence. Every candidate for senatorship must be alike true to get their votes. They may have but one vote in either house, but that shall be an organized vote. It shall express a constituency. It shall be a finger-point to the future. We deplore this disaster, but we rejoice at its lessons. Each lover of this cause will say as did Charles Sumner on the night when National Freedom was slain in the passage of the Nebraska bill, "Sorrowfully I bow before the wrong you are about to commit; joyfully I welcome all the promises of the future."

So say the Prohibitionists of Massachusetts to-day. They bow sadly to a wrong committed, they welcome joyfully the promises and labors of the future. From this Bull Run their steps will be steadfast to the Richmond of complete victory. Nor for themselves alone

do they labor, but for their children, for the nation, for the world. May God strengthen their hearts and guide them into the thick battle before them up to the conquering heights beyond, where not a drop of poison drink in all these lands shall pass down a human being's throat, but Prohibition, like Emancipation, shall be the law and the usage of all America.

## BUGS AND BLOSSOMS.

Not long since, we noted the abundant beauty of the blooming apple-trees. Such an effluvium of comely life rarely overflowed that mother of the orchards. Every sprig and spray was tipped with a flower. The apple-life seemed bursting like a flood through every vein and artery of branch and bough. Every fibre was superabounded with life. From this glory of blossoms, what a glory of fruit will come. Every bud has an apple in it. It is created for that; it intends that. It means nothing else. Is its purpose being accomplished? Does that childish blossom change to manly fruit?

Too many an orchard that stood forth glorious in apparel only a month ago, is brown and dead to-day. November's winds have not done it. The summer is still in its prime. The grass is at its greenest. The other trees are heavy with foliage. The gardens are full of bloom. Only the apple-tree, but lately the glory of all gardens, is thus burnt and dead in all its leaf and fruit. What has done it? The worm attacked its beauty, and it consumed away like a moth. Every leaf bred a devourer. Every blossom hid in its bosom its destroyer. The ground brought them forth plenteously. They crept along the branches, or swung themselves on rope ladders, of their own construction, from bough to bough. Nothing escaped them, nothing stayed them. The bugs fought the blossoms, and the apple-tree stands a Nobe amid the overflowing life of Nature, fruitless and leafless in her crownless woe.

Is there no lesson of spiritual sort in this? Is not many a youthful expectation as suddenly quenched? How many a rose and expectancy of his home and friends has been as completely and unexpectedly destroyed. The bug was not seen when the blossom of childhood's loveliness broke out all over his words and actions. That oath, that passion for drink, that lust of the flesh, all were hidden from sight. Many a mere moralist would say they had no existence. Ask him if that boy of ten could be turned into such a criminal, he will say, impossible. Human nature is too good for such vileness ever to appear. See how gentle, loving, respectful, studious he is. He be a drunkard, swearer, skeptic, debauchee. It cannot be. Yet it is. Before he is sixteen, he is often burned to death. Before twenty, he is a trained and accomplished Sabbath-breaker, swearer, sinner of every sort. His Creator looked that he should bring forth grapes, and he brought forth wild grapes.

Why is this? God does not desire and design these early and fatal blights. He wishes every child to grow like the Divine child in stature and nurture, and in favor with God and man. He gives grace for such a race. The bugs can be kept from the apple-trees. Sufficient knowledge and faithful application of knowledge will keep every bud safe from every bug. We must study to know the remedies, and be constant in their application. If the farmer know how to kill every bug, and did not use his knowledge, it would avail him not. If he used a multitude of remedies, and did not use the right ones, it would avail naught. So, if one seeks to extirpate the vices of his nature, or to prevent their development, he must both know the proper preventives and cures, and diligently apply them. Thus only will the youthful blossom ripen into richer fruit.

Grace alone is this remedy, faith its application, holy living the persistent preventive. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word. The bug of sin lies in the germinating soul. It infests all the ground of its being. It is hidden in its crevices, under its texture, in its most subtle juices. In the hidden parts God must make us to know wisdom. The Gospel is the only cure of these evils of our fallen natures. Signs of their presence appear early. They ripen with marvellous rapidity. They soon outstrip the vir-

tues in the hot soil of youth, and unless subdued, the young man stands verdureless, burnt in soul and body, burning to the lowest hell. See Arthur Pelham, son of a duke, himself a lord, the grandest mansions of the world at his command, making himself into less than the least of all beasts, before he has hardly reached his majority, and living as a woman, in woman's attire, with a man, whom he calls "husband," and "darling," and dying, at only twenty, the horrid death of a male harlot of Sodom. See the Prince of Wales, almost as abominable in the daw of his youth. See one hundred and sixty girls, gathered by the police from the streets of this city in only one precinct, on a single evening, some as young as thirteen, and hardly any over five and twenty. See the hundreds of young men and boys who ought to have been arrested with them, that are their associates in sin. What a host of bugs prey on the sacred blossoms of the soul. The world is full of these youthful desolations. God help these devoured natures to turn their burnt and ruined spirits to Him. He can clothe the apple-tree with leaves, with blossoms, with fruit. So can He their souls. But only He. Unless they let His rain of grace fall upon them, unless His dews water them, and His shaded sun encourage them, they will give forth no life again. Protect yourself. O young man, young woman, protect yourself against this destroyer. "Trust no future, how'er pleasant." Trust no present, however pleasant. Fly to Christ. Build yourself up in Him. Delay the first approaches of every sin. Flee youthful lusts. Be sober, be vigilant, for your enemy, the Devil, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. He is no respecter of persons. Age or youth, rich or poor, he is as impartial in his appetite as the vermin of the tree, those evil spirits of the vegetable world. Let no bugs destroy your blossoms. Be active for God. Love the work of a Christian. Be full of zeal for Christ. Had those young women in Boston been in prayer-meeting, they had not plunged into sin and shame. Had those young men been working for God, they had not been helping to push their sisters down to hell. The world is full of sin; it is also full of grace. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. Then shall you grow up in the garden of the Lord, and bring forth fruit constantly and eternally to His glory and your unspeakable delight. Serene will be your days, and bright your nights. And happy will your natures be, when God thus keeps off every evil, and dwells perpetually in your obedient soul.

## SILENCE OF WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra* has a long article against women speaking in meeting, in the course of which it quotes an extract from THE HERALD to the effect that women having been queens, generals, scholars, soldiers, sailors, professors, priests, prophets, doctors, writers, editors, postmistresses, schoolmistresses, merchants, bankers, in fact everything that men have been, they can also be preachers. The author, Rev. Mr. Ross, of Ohio, begs to call our attention to 1 Corinthians xiv. 33-38, and 1 Timothy ii. 11-15. We have given due attention to his remarks and quotations, to all his labored argument against women speaking in meeting. We must confess that he has piled up a large amount of comments on Scripture texts, and has, undoubtedly, to his own satisfaction, silenced women in the churches. But one feels, after reading this elaborate silencing, that one fact outweighs it all. She does speak, she did speak, she will speak. "The court can't make such a decision, may it please your honor," to "The court can't make it? The court has made it." Women can not speak in our churches. "Can't speak?" They have! They did at Pentecost. They will in the Millennium.

Mr. Ross is consistent in his logic. He thinks he shows from Paul, that he forbids all women from speaking in all kinds of Christian assemblies. He excepts singing; against that he finds no commandment. So if a sister will chant her sermon after the Roman Catholic style, she escapes condemnation; for recitative of long passages by women, as is the case in oratories, being allowed, it is an easy matter to recite a discourse. He thinks the reason for this arrangement is found in Genesis, when the fact of her subjugation to her husband is declared. But he undertakes to give another reason,

for it than the Scriptural; — because man surpasses her in strength, he is constituted thereby her natural protector. If so, why was he not thus constituted before the fall? It was a punishment on a natural law. If the latter, then it existed in Eden; if the former, then the same law is equally binding on the younger children, to the oldest son, as the very same words are in the fourth chapter of Genesis, used in describing the relations of Cain and Abel: "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." If it is a punishment, then, from that grace sets the Christian wife free.

The point at issue, however, is not the relation of husband and wife, but that of brethren and sisters in the Church. Paul tells them how to prophesy, calls them his true "yoke-fellows, who labored much with him in the Lord," calls them by name, puts them sometimes before their husbands, declares there is no male nor female in Christ Jesus, styles them deaconesses, an ordained class in the ministry. The Holy Ghost came on men and women together at the Pentecost, and all spake as the Spirit gave them utterance; and when some of the Reverend Messrs. Rosses, of that place, objected to such a state of things, Peter arose and said, "this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit on all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. And on my servants and my handmaidens I will pour out in these days, of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy." That Scripture was that day being fulfilled in their ears, it has been every day since. Calvin not only shut the kingdom of heaven against many believers, but he shut the mouths of more than half of those whom he condemned to acknowledge as elect. He supports Mr. Ross in his limited interpretations. Christ, through Methodism, burst these bonds, and gave the sisterhood the liberty and the power of the Pentecostal day.

The whole argument is an attempt to make the later Scriptures a stumbling-block to the liberty that is in Christ Jesus. Paul wished things done in decency and order. Decency and order in Greece and Asia Minor at that time, is not decency and order in America to-day. It was decent and orderly then for men and women to sit apart in the churches. Is that "decency and order" still maintained in this gentleman's church at Springfield, Ohio? It was decency and order to have, the face heavily and closely veiled, to wear long, straight robes, like a modern night-dress, to not even see the faces of the opposite sex in the church. Are these the customs in his church? It was "decency and order" for women to go with their feet bare, except the soles. Is it to-day? So of speaking. In Greek and Roman countries there was less liberty of speaking than among the Jews. Usage was against it. Respect it, says Paul.

So, perhaps, he would say to-day, if he were building up his church here. He might say, use an organ, have congregational singing, adopt the itinerancy, — a sure word of prophecy, — organize Sabbath-schools, join the "Abolitionists" and "Prohibitionists"; these all, too, being of divine dictation. But underneath and around all this, he would announce great principles that would bring forth other fruit after this had served its end and disappeared.

So speaks he in the Bible. The transitory custom is affirmed as a law of the moment, the principle as a law of eternity. These principles he enunciates in his declaration, that there is no male or female in Christ Jesus. The idea of this human distinction is to utterly disappear from the privileges and duties of the Church. Each is filled with the Spirit. Each is called unto liberty. Each is ordered by the Lord, the Master, to the work He, not they, select. In this work, He will undoubtedly have regard to their differences of constitution, as He had respect, to the constitutional differences of the men whom He filled with the Holy

ferences of the men whom He filled with the Holy Ghost, and who spake and wrote as they were moved by Him. So He will employ Peter for one service, and Mary Magdalene for another. Or He employs them in the same service, that different and equally desirable results may follow. Mary pleads, Peter pleads. Each strikes a different chord; both bring out a common harmony. He respects conventional rules where they involve no sacrifice of principle. He advised slaves to obey their masters, and wives their husbands.

bands, because such was the law of society. He orders husbands to love their wives, but does not allow them to command them; for such an order God has never issued.

He orders masters to liberate their slaves. He sees the essential oneness of all believers and their absolute equality. By His principles stand. Bishop Asbury would have ordered men and women to set apart. John Cotton would have ordered his congregations to be arranged in rank, squires, masters, yeomen, and servants. Neither would have believed he announced divine and eternal principles in such a decree, but only respect for the present state of affairs. Customs change, principles abide. Tried by these principles must every innovation be. If it agrees with them, it will prevail; if not, it fails. The liberty of prophesying, shut up by Mr. Ross's Church for generations to the ordained and educated minister, has reached at last all the brethren. It is fast reaching the sisters. He cannot mop out this Atlantic of grace and God, with his prejudice broom, falsely bound together with the prudential maxims adapted to an age and people utterly unknown to us — a degraded age, a heathen people. His sisters will speak in spite of him, in his social meetings, in his pulpit even; nay, will speak with his cordial approval.

A good story we heard once of a trial like his. At a meeting of the Missionary Board at Hartford, a Conference meeting was held in Dr. Hawes's church, he himself presiding. In the course of it a lady arose to speak. The Doctor broke out, "Brethren will conduct this meeting." She subsided, but the Lord poured out of His Spirit on His handmaid, and she could not rest. Again she arose and began. Again he burst forth indignantly, "This is not a Methodist meeting: the lady will sit down." Down she went, but up she came again, only to receive a harsher blow from the now excited moderator. So having tried three times, she felt that she was not responsible, and kept silence in that church. After the meeting was over, he learned to his dismay that this disturber was the wife of one of the leading members of the Board, a prominent Doctor of Divinity in Western Massachusetts — a lady of rare beauty, accomplishments, and piety; he had to go and beg her pardon for his insult. "Decency and order" might have required her silence in that body, but the body was not decent or orderly in requiring such silence. The Church belongs to all its members. Equally must they share its responsibility and enjoy its privileges. Praying, singing, preaching, whatsoever the Lord orders any disciple to do, He will

mai-saw erudi sidi ni tall and his were to establish sidi Ha  
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GENIUS AND GRACE AT THE CAMP-MEETING.  
Seldom are such sparks of genius struck out as at a camp-meeting love-feast, or experience meeting. Gems that Shakespeare would have picked up, and put in his best passages, often fall from these half-inspired lips. One can rarely recall them, after they are uttered. Like Emerson's ideas they must be jotted down when they spring to being, or they will be forgotten ere they are born. What an answer to all the pomposity of rationalism and free religion was a word dropped from unknown lips at Hamilton! "What do I know of myself! I cannot see my own eye." Bacon never beat that. Clarke and Frothingham will do well to ponder its full significance. A happy sister, almost floating like a Madonna to heaven, whispers out, "This is good enough for poor folks," and sinks back, by Jesus' love compelled, in a seraphic shout and smile. Very felicitous were the aspic hits of Bro. Lawrence, of Trenton, at those who reject the doctrine of perfect love. The objector of this perfection seeks a sewing-machine. "Here is a perfect machine," says the seller, "but here is one that is not perfect. It drops a stitch now and then, and gets out of repair often. As you say you don't believe in perfection, you may have the imperfect machine at the same price as the perfect." Biddy is sent to sweep the carpet. She is asked, on her return, if it is done. "All but a place behind the door. I heard you say you did not believe in perfection, and so I did not suppose you wanted none room swept perfectly clean."

wanted your room swept perfectly clean."

Equally happy was his dramatic setting forth of the slow progress of many professors. A father takes a bright five year old boy to school. The master puts the primer before him.

"John, what is that?"

"Don't know, sir."

"A."

"A."

"What is that?"

"Don't know, sir."

"B."

"He thinks his boy will get along well. He begins well."

goes to his business, and, like most fathers, pays no attention to the school or his boy. Five years after, he visits the school, to see how John is getting on. He is called up. That book looks familiar, but it can't surely be the old primer. The teacher begins.

"What is that?"  
"Don't know, sir."  
"A."  
"A."  
"What is that?"  
"Don't know, sir."  
"B."  
"B."

The father stares, and says, "Why, John is a fool." Nevertheless, since he is bright in other things, he thinks there is some mistake here. He will try him again. Two years only pass now, before he again enters the school. John is called up. The book looks as if a leaf or two had been gotten over. The bright boy has got into easy sentences. He can spell out, "The cat catches a mouse." The father is encouraged. John is not quite a fool, after all. Let him go on. Three years more are passed, and he comes to take his boy from school. He is fifteen, bright and smart. The master calls him up to recite. Is that the old, original primer? It cannot be. The recitation begins.

"John, what is that?"  
"Don't know, sir."  
"A."  
"A."  
"What is that?"  
"Don't know, sir."  
"B."  
"B."

The father is in despair. His son is indeed a fool. And yet of how many church-members is that sarcastic drawing no caricature. They are ever clinging to the alphabet of salvation, and ever forgetting that. Close on this "animated" dialogue, naturally bursts forth burning invectives at a compromising Church, and a brilliant portrayal of true culture in grace. Rev. B. Pomeroy's sermons and speeches were full of brilliant points, that would make Holmes and Lowell look out for their laurels.

"Eloquence," said Emerson, "is dog cheap at the anti-slavery meetings." It is far cheaper at camp-meetings. It is without price. Nowhere do wit, pathos, sublimity and sarcasm find such oratorical seats as in a camp-meeting assembly. The wits of the clubs are dull to its two-edged thrusts. The sweep of the former, is narrow to its mighty range. All the elements of popular effect find their culmination in the exercises of a camp-meeting.

#### A VICTORY.

The National Camp-meeting at Hamilton, in its spiritual influences was a glorious success. For several reasons the attendance was not large. But the power of God rested down on the assembly. The unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace possessed and encompassed every heart. The meeting was not limited to any class of Christian believers, but the utmost liberty was given to all lovers of Jesus to participate in its privileges. The preaching was confined to one theme — the need and privilege of the growth of the heart in all the fullness of grace and love. But in this there was large liberty of statement, so that all who longed for completeness in Christ felt they were included in the privileges of the hour. Greater freedom yet was manifested in the social meetings, which were occasions often of unusual depth and power. The Holy Ghost seemed to rest on the assembly. The brethren that conducted the services have learned how to move a body of Christians into line of battle. There has always been a little difficulty in this. A church can be brought to work when sinners are coming home to Christ. But to make it move as a unit in the line of the Divine will, without this outside pressure, is a lost art, or an art never before found, until the National Camp-meeting appeared. Yet here it is done to perfection.

When the brethren in charge mix exhortation and song together, each verse being an adoption by the audience of the pledges promised by the preacher, one feels the wonderful power of the unity of faith and song. When they conclude this song of vows with a silent prayer, every individual is brought into direct and personal contact with his Lord. Solitary and alone, and yet with associate thousands, he is talking to God. Over this silent praying multitude steals a hymn. Still on their knees, they sing their prayer to the Lord their Sanctifier. "Glory to the Lamb," and such refrains float softly and sweetly from the multitudinous voices. Short prayers follow, and long hymns, and the tide of faith and feeling rapidly rises, until the uprising mass break forth in rapid testimonies, hearty shouts and flowing tears, while the Spirit almost visibly broods over the assembly.

Such is a National Camp-meeting. Its defect, in its seeming neglect of the unconverted masses, is inherent in its idea. It is emphatically a church camp-meeting. Other camp-meetings are like revival-meetings of a mixed character. This has one supreme object, the advancement of believers in faith and grace. Every idea is subject to its limitations. This has its inherent weakness. The only question is, whether its excellence overbalances this defect. We believe it does. Conducted as was this at Hamilton, it admits every devout church member into its range of liberty and life. No technical barriers separated saints. All were brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus. All moved together to the high lands of perfect faith and love.

The outside, unconverted spectators were moved by this unusual unity and fervor of the hundreds of disciples. They were impressed by such a scene, and many came flocking to Christ under the pressure of conviction, induced by this very spectacle.

The conductors of the meeting were mostly from outside of New England; some of them were here for the first time. All of them won the hearts of all by their words and ways. Bro. Inskip, the chairman, understands Yankee, human, and gracious nature, "like a book," and by his *bonhomie*, and joyous spirit made all things flow. Bros. Gray of Pennsylvania, Wells of Wisconsin, Boone, Adams, and Pomeroy of New York, Lawrence, Osborne, Hughes, and Dunn, of New Jersey, Cookman of Delaware, with Inskip of Maryland, distributed the honors and popularity of the Committee over quite a breadth of territory. All were almost as popular with the Yankees as their own representatives, Bros. McDonald and Munger, and all seemed to feel at home in the Down East of their possibly yet unsanctified prejudice and dislike. They electrified us, and we perhaps electrified them.

The meeting will be popular in New England, and if repeated at Hamilton, or elsewhere, will have a great multitude of Christians, next time, among its ten-day worshippers. It will promote faith and love in the churches, and do much to carry forward the work of works — the spreading of Scriptural holiness over all the land.

**A BIG FLURRY AND FOLLY.** — Our correspondent in the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Somerville, brought that body face to face with a duty which it dodged, to its great disgrace. Pending a resolution appointing an agent to establish societies in the Southern States, he offered a resolution, which is thus reported in the Indianapolis papers: —

*Resolved*, That the labors of the Young Men's Christian Association be extended among our colored people; ["Hear," "hear,"] and that no discrimination be made among the young men of America upon the basis of color. [Applause by clapping of hands and stamping of feet.]

But the clappers and stampers did not long have it to themselves. The fear-to-do-wells came to the front, and told what evils would follow such a resolve. Mr. George H. Stuart was very generous to blacks, but thought this resolve disastrous, and begged Mr. Hamilton to withdraw it, and said he had done so, and immediately offered a prayer for the poor blacks whom he did not seem to want acknowledged by the Convention. Mr. Hamilton denied that he had withdrawn it, and on motion of Mr. Hutchins, of New York, it was tabled.

Then a Mr. Flourney, of Urbana, Ohio, seeing how meanly this act would look on the records, proceeded to act more meanly, and moved to have all reference to the matter struck from the minutes, and the reporters and papers to be gagged. Whereupon a big tumult arose. Mr. Lathrop, of New Haven, tried to speak. Mr. Stuart called on him to pray, in order to stop his mouth, but as soon as he had prayed he began with, "Mr. President," and denounced the proposed action. The previous question was called, and in the great hubbub was declared carried, and the Convention itself gagged, while the expunging resolve was adopted. Several gentlemen protested against this course, but without avail. The ghost appeared in the next session on Mr. Hamilton's motion not to accept the records. Another stormy time, and the records were adopted by a vote of 72 to 55. After that the Convention very properly sang, —

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone."

It is very evident that he must, so far as these young men are concerned in their duty to these colored brethren. As they sang —

"There's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me,"

how strangely must they have seen that they had shunned their cross in despising His little ones. The excuse of some of them was that they knew no distinction of color now. Mr. Hamilton declared there were many Associations that refused their admittance. When asked where, he might have said, pretty much all south and west of New England. Mr. Stuart, personally, is undoubtedly fraternal. But if they knew no distinction, why should they hesitate to stretch their hands to those still oppressed brethren? White Southerners were there. Where were the black?

The whole affair is a disgrace to the Convention, Association, and Americans. What is the fitness in their getting so happy, and so abundant in prayers, when they thus cut off scores of thousands of their own Christian brothers? "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" He that loveth God, loveth his brother also." Their expanding they will yet expunge. It is a spot on their banner, that will not out. Our young brother, still a member of our Theological Seminary, received many thanks for his courage, some from Southern gentlemen, one of whom sent a subscription to THIS HERALD, as a good proof of his fellowship. He had been appointed to preach in a big church, Sunday, Dr. Bowman's, but on protesting against their omitting all the colored churches from the list of supplies, he was doubly honored by being appointed to speak at two of those churches. Though from Pittsburg, he nobly sustained a New England cause against the cowardly spirit of caste. Both Pittsburg and Boston will honor him for his faithfulness.

Cambridge is to have a magnificent Soldier's Monument. There is nothing in the State that equals it in artistic beauty; the whole is crowned with a citizen soldier. It is to be dedicated July 18th. Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Old Cambridge has been selected as the Orator, and Rev. Pliny Wood

of Trinity Church, as Chaplain of the occasion. His Excellency Governor Claffin, and other distinguished visitors from all portions of New England are to be present. The Lancers of Boston are to do escort duty.

The three evils of Eden: Satan, sin, and shoddy.

**THE STAR PIANO.** — We are not considered high authority in music; yet we have, sometimes, an opinion, and sometimes, a fact. We have had occasion to examine the question of parlor music a little, and, after some inquiry, adopted the "Star Piano," made by A. M. McPhail & Co., of Boston. Its durability is hardly a matter of question, and the warrant of the manufacturers secures the purchaser. It is made of the best material, and in the best style. The action is admirable. The tone produced is full, sweet, and powerful. The firm have heretofore scarcely been able to meet the demands made upon them; but their arrangements are so far perfected that they can fill orders at short notice. — *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

**THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA.** — We have before called attention to the Central Railroad of Iowa, as one of the most promising of the new western roads. It is built by, and in the interest of very strong parties, leading bankers and railroad capitalists, who have invested a large sum of money in the enterprise, and who have undertaken to complete the entire road this season. It runs through one of the richest agricultural districts of the world, and will connect St. Louis, St. Paul, and the entire railroad system now converging there, by the shortest line. Three thousand men are now at work upon it, and the tract is being laid at the rate of a mile a day. The company issue their First Mortgage Bonds at the rate of \$16,000 per mile, and have already sold about one half of their entire issue. The company claim that as their road is now nearly done, that their securities are entitled to greater consideration than those issued upon enterprises whose future success is more uncertain, and which may not be ultimately successful.

The wisest bankers consider First Mortgages for a moderate amount upon well located railroads, which are sure to be finished, among the safest possible securities. There are 235 Railroad corporations in the Northern and Western States, operating over 80,000 miles of road, and we know of but two of this number, or less than one per cent, which do not pay their interest regularly. These two are owned and controlled in England, and no final loss is expected upon them. Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., say that they have carefully examined the Central Railroad of Iowa enterprise, and that in their opinion it will be one of the most important and valuable in the West, and that its Bonds are a thoroughly safe as well as profitable security.

#### PERSONAL.

Dr. G. M. Steele, delivered an able address at the Commencement, at Lawrence University, on "The Choice of Solomon." It was sharp and sound. The *Appleton Post* gives it in full. It also sketches the college and gives its President much praise for his financial success. Its prospects are steadily improving.

The Anniversary exercises of the New England Conservatory of Music, were held last Thursday in the Music Hall, before a crowded audience. The execution of the various parts was very commendable. Thirteen graduates received diplomas from the director, Dr. Tourjé. Mr. Lang will resume his place in the Board of Instruction the next term. The Conservatory was never more flourishing.

#### The Methodist Church.

Will our ministerial and other brethren, please send us any items of religious interest in their churches. They will be gratefully acknowledged. Each can help us keep these columns full of fresh local knowledge. You alone can inform us respecting the points of Christian interest in your own church and neighborhood. Please send them as soon as they occur. We do not confine this request to any one section, but shall be happy to receive information from any part of the country, and from any section of the Church.

#### MAINE.

**SACCARAPPA.** — Rev. H. B. Mitchell writes: "The Lord is still reviving His work in Saccarappa charge, in the Maine Conference. Souls are being converted every week, and the church is in a very good state of prosperity, and all the means of grace well sustained. The young people here are doing a great work for God by holding a prayer-meeting every week, in which many are seeking the Lord. Last Sabbath I baptized sixteen young men and ladies, and we expect others will follow soon."

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**UNITY.** — The M. E. Church in Unity is one of the first of this denomination established in New Hampshire. Seventeen ministers have gone out from this church to preach the Gospel. Although the society is not large, it is in a flourishing condition. Nearly all of the congregation are members of the Sabbath-school. The church has recently been repaired. For several months past a thorough revival of religion has been in progress, and among the converts are youthful persons, and those in advanced life. One aged man, who is deaf and dumb, has been soundly converted. On Sabbath, June 19, thirty-two persons received the ordinance of baptism.

#### THE DEDICATION AT WILBRAHAM.

The pilgrimage from Boston to Wilbraham is easily accomplished. After a comfortable and unhurried breakfast, you walk sedately to the depot, buy a ticket, and the thing is done before you have fairly passed from after-breakfast satiety to noonday hunger.

Four hours can be spent quite pleasantly on the cars by any patient and provident traveller. Dust, cinders, sunshine, and weeping children are sure companions of such a journey. But with a book, a newspaper, and a companion, these petty trials are easily overcome. Then there is the swift panorama of cultivated fields, green forests, blue ponds, sparkling streams, and the abodes of men, continually inviting your attention.

At some stations there are boys with pond-lilies for sale, for which they ask a cent apiece at first, then two for a cent, and, just as the train is off, "The whole bunch, sir, more'n twenty on 'em, sir, for five cents." You invest not in the lilies, sweet as they are, but in the memories they call up—memories of the ponds whence, in other years, you plucked the cool lilies, the boys with whom you shared the sport, and the girls with whom you shared the spoils. All this is so cheap and profitable that you seem to have cheated the brown-cheeked vender. Five cents, indeed!

The most noticeable sight on the journey is the scene of the dual explosion at Worcester. One house had its end shot off, the side walls partly gone, the floors and laths remaining. A medical friend points out a dismantled bedstead in one of the rooms, thus strangely laid open, and says, "I had a patient in that bed, sick with rheumatism, at the time of the explosion." One must see the effects of such an explosive agent to realize its power. One glance at its havoc impresses you far more than the statement of chemists that it has thirteen times the force of gunpowder.

We reach Wilbraham at last, dusty, hungry, and weary. Water, dinner, and the sight of old friends, soon put us all right. We listen to the distant roar of prize declamation. Scarcely is dinner over when the old church bell summons us to the dedication of the new church. I haven't time to describe the new church. It is built of red sandstone, fronts on the mountain road, is entered from the Main Street, at the rear of the church proper, and also near the chancel through the base of the tower. In the rear of, and connecting with the church proper, is the chapel. The two rooms can be thrown into one when needful. The stained-glass windows are mainly devoted to academical saints, past and present trustees, principals and patrons of the school. Curiously enough, Mrs. Van Cott, prophetess of the near future, has found a place among them. If I am not mistaken, no other window is devoted to the memory of a woman. Might it not more appropriately have been given to some of those noble women who have toiled long years for the good of the school? The entire seating capacity is seven hundred. The building is beautifully finished within, while exteriorly it has a strong likeness to the Cathedral of Cologne, in the unfinished state of the tower. The whole structure is very pleasing, and will long remain a monument of the faith, labor, and liberality of those who have erected it.

The dedication took place at 2 o'clock p.m., June 28th. It opened with an anthem from the choir. The pastor of the church, Rev. James Mudge, then read the introductory service from the ritual. Prayer was offered by the Rev. George Prentiss. Rev. Mr. Howard, of the Congregational Church, then read a hymn. After singing, the Scriptures were read by Rev. Dr. Sherman, Presiding Elder of the Lynn District.

The sermon was then delivered by the Rev. Miner Raymond, D. D., now Professor of Didactic Theology at Evans-ton, and formerly Principal of the Wesleyan Academy. The discourse was founded on Rom. iii. 23-26. This text opened the way for one of those solid, luminous, comprehensive and impressive sermons, with which, in other days, Dr. Raymond was wont to delight us. It would be useless to attempt to epitomize it, suffice it to say, that it revealed the preacher in his best mood, and deeply impressed the assembly.

A collection of two thousand dollars was taken up. There still remains quite a sum to be raised to put the church on a good footing. May Dr. True be successful in relieving the Society of debt. Dr. Cooke concluded the service according to the disciplinary form.

A new day of prosperity is opening before this church. God bless their faithful labors.

#### NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

Thursday was a memorable day at Hamilton. At 8 a.m. the Tabernacle, a magnificent tent 90 by 130, and costing about \$2,000, was dedicated. Rev. G. S. Inskip gave a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the National Camp-Meeting movement. There was an unpaid balance due on the Tabernacle and Mr. Inskip asked the congregation to contribute, if they felt free to do so, \$200 towards the sum, and in a very brief time, amidst tears and shouts gloriously mingled, about \$350 were contributed.

Rev. W. L. Gray, of Philadelphia, preached at 10 a.m. from Acts 1: 8. His subject was Spiritual power. Rev. C. Munger, preached at 3 p.m. from Heb. 3: 7. The sermon was followed by a pointed exhortation by Rev. B. M. Adams, and the altar was filled with seekers of full salvation, so great was the power of God that some were prostrated by it. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Rose of the Troy Conference preached from John 7: 37.

Friday was a day not soon to be forgotten. From 5 o'clock in the morning, until 10 at night, the forces of Israel were pressing the battle to the gates of the enemy, and great and glorious were the results. Rev. S. Coleman preached from Rev. 12: 7-11, at 10 a.m., from 2 Thess. ii. 13.

Many pronounced it one of the clearest expositions of Christian purity that they had ever heard. At its close, scores came to the altar seeking the blessing which had been so clearly and ably described. It was a day of salvation.

In the p.m. a love-feast was held, at which 280 persons

testified to the power of God to save from all sin. How sweetly did the tidings roll. At 6 we assembled to hear some addresses, and to administer the Sacrament, shake hands, and say farewell. Brief remarks were made by Revs. A. D. Merrill, G. C. Wells, W. High, and W. McDonald. The Sacrament was then administered, and the people formed a procession, walked around the ground, gave to each the parting hand, amidst songs, tears, shouts, and benedictions, and at a few minutes before 10, the fourth National Camp-meeting was closed.

The meeting has been all its most sanguine friends anticipated, except in numbers, and for this there were causes. The people and preachers have been of one heart. There has been very little criticism. Those who had been known as being opposed to the special objects of the meeting, and the subject there presented, seemed wonderfully pleased. The meeting was pronounced by all classes a wonderful success.

There were nearly 300 ministers present, and at no former meeting have so many professed to have entered into the experience of perfect love. It was not confined to Methodists, but Congregationalists, Baptists, and others found the perfect love of God.

The sweetest spirit has prevailed throughout, and the fruit of the meeting will be seen for many days, yes, years to come.

#### PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.

Tristam Burgess, the great name of Rhode Island, declared, after a thorough examination of localities in New England fitted for a first class educational institution, that East Greenwich was superior to all others. It would be hard to get the other colleges and seminaries to subscribe to this, but the Providence Conference Seminaryites would unanimously endorse his opinion. Their grounds are on a hilltop overlooking a placid bay, rimmed with green lands, while on the horizon lies an edge of blue and green around the southern border, the interval between it and the eye filled with luscious meadows, orchards, and farms, as quiet as a picture on this silent, sultry day.

The buildings are not numerous, but in good condition, especially the Seminary building proper, which is a comely structure of brick, with the largest and best of recitation rooms we have seen in any academy building, and with a hall that contains the finest organ and players any literary institution in the land can boast of. A new organ has just replaced the old, at a cost in all of \$2,500. Mr. Simmons did his best, and a more superior organ we have very rarely heard. It was played superbly. A youth, who deserved all the praise he got, and his diploma to boot, managed the keys in a way that would have won approval from Wilcox or Morgan. He will make a star in that sphere, if he goes on with his studies. Such rapidity, lightness, force, and grace, we have seldom heard, even from leading performers. The other musical performances were of great merit. East Greenwich entered on its present musical career under the inspiration of Dr. Tourjee, who was brought here by Principal Talbot, and set on the path he has since so successfully pursued. The present director is equal to the situation, and for a first class musical education, we know of no school that combines this so completely with other studies as East Greenwich.

The graduating exercises were interesting. Among the speakers were sons of Rev. Messrs. Sheffield and Talbot. Mr. Talbot is a graceful speaker, and set forth the perils from Romanism in America, which he kindly offset at the close, by showing us how much more successful Methodism was than Romanism, the latter having grown to four thousand churches, while the former had grown in about the same time to twelve thousand. Mr. Sheffield discoursed on Aspirations, in a healthfully aspiring manner. The valedictory fell to a lady who did the farewells gracefully. Rev. Mr. Edwards, the able and popular Principal, was surprised by a silver service, and a happy address from Prof. Eastman. Prof. Edwards leaves a field where he has done excellent service, for a larger work in Western New York. He has relieved the Seminary of heavy debts, and been a recognized power in the State, having occupied a seat in its Senate several years, been President of its Board of Education, and almost sent to Congress. Whispers are abroad that one of the most popular of its former Principals has been unanimously elected to his old seat, and will probably accept. If so, the future of East Greenwich is bright. With a large Conference as its field, with a large reputation as its capital, with a beautiful site and pleasant buildings, under such popular administration, it is bound to shine. Providence money has freely flowed into its treasury, and such Directors as Allsworth, Stone, Kendrick, and others, assure a like replenishing of its funds in the future. May its prosperity be more and more unto the perfect day.

#### CURRENT NOTES.

Over twenty Campbellites have applied for membership in our Church, in Indiana.

The Central argues for a book-agent in St. Louis, equal in authority to those in Cincinnati and Chicago.

The Charles Street, Baltimore, congregation is about erecting one of the handsomest churches in the connection.

The corner-stone of a new edifice of the Home for Aged and Infirm Members of the M. E. Church, in Philadelphia, was laid on the 16th of June.

The Canadian Primitive Methodists closed their seventeenth annual session on the 9th of June. Eighty-eight preachers were assigned stations.

A revival has taken place in the M. E. Church, at Northville, Troy Conference; more than two hundred have been converted during the past three months, and the work is progressing.



thing must be done. Will the friends in dear old New England remember these orphan children of a most worthy minister, whose whole means of support are locked up in this school, and who, amid bereavement and sorrow, are struggling with all their might, making sacrifices, at every turn, to carry out a father's wishes; and plant in this far-off land, the germ seeds of a great educational institution, under the fostering charge of the Church?

Whatever friends shall give will be worthily bestowed, and not only these children, but the Methodist Church in Nebraska, will have abundant cause for thanksgiving to the donors. *Let us not forget them.* — *Geo. S. Alexander.*

We have seen the region to which this appeal relates, and we feel that there the very great need of planting our schools in that State. It ought to have been done years ago. Bro. Kenney did a work of great importance. It should be sustained. We hope our brother will succeed in his effort to raise the amount needed, and that all who can, will send him their donation. Direct to his address, Nebraska City, Nebraska, and of good seed, of course.

**Dr. Hoy, of Hardwick, Vt., writes:** —

I think you are right in your views about the McFarland case. Some of our Vt. editors are overflowing with sympathy for Mrs. McFarland, but suppose every woman should leave her husband because of abuse, and every husband leave his wife every time she scolds, what would we come to? I am glad our religious papers are sounding the note of alarm.

I am becoming more and more attached to your paper, high-toned, simple and earnest, it must be supported. Let it plead for holiness, with its other effects, and it will gain in usefulness and friends.

**Bro. John Allan speaks on a theme which he knows.**

**HOW TO ENJOY CAMP-MEETINGS.**

**The secret of always enjoying a Camp-meeting, especially one for the promotion of holiness.** —

First, by preparing yourself (by the grace of God) a number of days before the meeting commences, by fervent prayers to God for the success of the meeting; divest yourself of all prepossessions or prejudices against such a meeting.

Second, make it a personal business, by humbling yourself, and asking God for the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be enreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. For where envy and strife is there is confusion and every evil work.

But who lives peacefully shall have peace for his reward. Now let us go with no other motive but to serve God with all humility, and may the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you, to whom be glory and dominion forever and ever.

**ADVICE, AND A SAMPLE.**

The only way to cure some good persons of the idea that they write poetry, is to publish what they write. A contributor sends us two pieces which he thinks is poetry. We publish the first verse of one of them, and ask him to try and scan these lines. He will have harder work than to ride over a corduroy road in a springy wagon, in spring time. Poetry should be first, fresh in thought, not mere pretty rhymes; second, musical in expression. These are essentials; all the graces of diction and flow of fancy and imagination, may come afterward, and, united with the degree of the thought, make the writer a great or small poet. But such lines as these are neither prose or poetry.

**THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.**

How pleasant is the spring-time of life. When the young heart, free from envy and strife looks out on the ocean of time, it sees with pleasure surveys the fast flowing tide, rushing onward, arriving every instant in its path, and opening to the eye of the beholder.

Its diffusive radiance along the path, like the sun of those who rest on their frail barque on its surface.

We would call the attention of all, concerned to the following important resolution, presented by Rev. B. A. Chase, and unanimously passed at the late session of the East Maine Conference, at Rockland: —

Whereas, We believe that the Itinerant system of ministry, under episcopal superintendence, is a scriptural, economical, and efficient, yet

Whereas, In some portions of our work the system is hampered with unfortunate and unnecessary physical burdens, which may and should be removed; and,

Whereas, Since the interests of the clergy and itinerant are identical, whatever lightens the burdens of the ministry lightens the burdens of the Church, therefore,

Resolved, That, as a Conference we respectfully recommend to the societies within our borders, that, as fast as may be done without embarrassment, they furnish their own parsonage furniture, and thereby remove from the itinerancy its chief physical burden, namely, the transportation of household goods.

It is fitting late this year to carry out all these resolves, yet our churches, where they have not made's these can be given. Our East Maine brethren have to move most of their heavy furniture. This ought not so to be. They can easily remedy it if they will let the sisters form a parsonage society, and they can furnish their pastor's house with all the costly and burdensome articles in a very few years. Try it.

A country clergyman in Boston, tells us about the preachers and other sights and sounds.

The day was beautiful, we went to Tremont St. M. E. Church in the morning, to listen to Dr. Hare. On the whole, we were very much pleased with the service. The sermon was plain, simple, sound and religious, (which is not true of every sermon you hear.) It had passages of great, quiet beauty, and was listened to with interest by a good appearing audience. Other parts of the service were in good taste. Dr. Hare had no manuscript, and manifestly does not think that fixing paper equates at the lodging heads of guilty mortals in preaching the gospel.

In the afternoon we heard J. D. Fulton, at Tremont Temple, which was full in every part. Mr. Fulton is the popular Baptist Minister of the city. The service was just one hour, carried through on the high pressure principle. There should be such a place in every city where the people can come to hear the gospel. Mr. Fulton is of good size, middle-aged, strong, vigorous, and with gentle form and manners. He took for his theme the parable of the Prodigal Son. His opening prayer was very much in the channel of the parable, he dwelt at times with great beauty, on the paternal affection of God. The theme of discourse is one of the most familiar in the Bible, yet he invested it with much beauty. There were passages exhibiting very fine rhetoric, which hushed the audience into an impressive silence — the highest type of applause.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that they have as plain, faithful preaching in the city as in the country, and that people can get to Heaven from Boston if they try hard, and persevere.

A few days following the Sabbath, we devoted to the annual services, eight, seeing, etc. There were many stars in the city; some brilliant, some common, others feeble; with a few timidly eclipsed, and here and there a comet running madly through the heavens. It could hardly be said that there was method in their madness.

The Woman Suffrage Meetings were quite attractive to people from the country. When we thought of the other and better half that came to Boston with us, walking so quietly and meekly by our side, now changed to a portion of so much pretension, a feeling of sadness came over us. Also, men have no rights that women are bound to respect. I could see all over her miniature bonnet, in infinitesimal letters, the seal motto of our good State, *Dirigo*. — I direct. On our homeward trip I had no care, whatsoever. She promptly informed me that the cars would run down to the Grand Trunk depot at Portland, and that we would not change cars at Danville Junction, or Kendall's Mills. All I had to do was to admire the beautiful scenery. How much better, after all, than to spend your time over a woman who bestows all her affections upon a poodle dog, and all her mind talking over the new fashions. This is the good time that was coming.

When John Gipps ride — we mean when the Woman Suffrage Convention meets again — may we be there to see. The attractions of Boston, the wealth and variety of beauty around the city, will linger in the memory like a pleasant dream.

As we recall it all, we feel like writing in large, bright and golden letters,

## The Farm and Garden.

**Prepared for *Our Farmers*, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.**

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address to Editor, *Our Farmers*.

**WORK FOR THE SEASON.** — **HAYING** is of course the most important work. When the grass is not cut with a machine, let the work be done early in the morning, and late in the afternoon, when it is comparatively cool. Haying is hard work, and every one should take the best care of himself. Be very careful not to drink much cold water when heated, for it often causes serious results. Use labor-saving machinery, as far as possible. Put up the hay into stacks, in good seasons, the first day, while it is warm.

**HOEING** should not be lost sight of even though it is good hay weather. It will not do to raise a crop of weeds.

**CARROTS AND BEETS** should be weeded and thinned out.

Leave the former about four to five inches apart, if they were planted early, if late, a little nearer. The mangels require much more space. Some give them ten inches or a foot, and it is none too much, if the ground has been highly manured, and the seed sown early.

**POTATOES** should, if possible, be hoed for the last time, before they are in bloom.

**SQUASHES** and other vines should receive their last hoeing before they begin to run much.

**CARROTS** for winter use should now be transplanted. See that all the vacant hills are filled.

**GRAPE-VINES** will need attention every week. Pinch in the laterals two or three joints beyond the last bunch of fruit, and if they start again, as they will be quite likely to do, pinch again.

**STRAWBERRY** Buds set this year should be kept entirely free from weeds.

**Plough up the old beds and set out cabbages, or sow with turnips.**

If the new plants set out are to the runners.

**Cow-Power** will soon be large enough to feed out to the cows. We always prefer to cut at night enough to last over until the next afternoon. It helps along very much when the pasture is short.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN** should not be neglected. If the men are too busy haying, let the ladies try their hand at weeding. It is becoming quite fashionable for the gentler sex to aspire to be horticulturists, and horticulturists, as we infer from the fact that schools of horticulture for their benefit are being started in different parts of the country.

Tea up the pinks, gladiolus, dianthus, and other plants that need support.

**Lawn** should be cut often to look well. There is nothing finer about a house than a well kept plot of grass.

**SUMMER-MARSHES** should not be allowed to go to waste.

Much is of necessity lost, or nearly so, as the cows are out to pasture, but that which is dropped at night should be cared for by being put into a heap and covered with loam or muck.

Many prefer to tie up their cattle at night, and thus have all the droppings, both liquid and solid. This is a very good way, when the weather will admit of it, and we practise it, altogether, but sometimes it seems rather too hot for the animals to be so closely confined. The fact is patent to all that a majority of the farmers fail to save all the manure of the farm and have to resort to the use of artificial fertilizers to produce their crops. In spite of often repeated orders, we find our men neglecting this very thing, and letting much that is valuable go to waste. If we were as careful of all such matters as our neighbors across the water, we should not complain that our farms are running out.

**DRAINING.** — This is a very important subject for all to consider who have meadow or wet lands. There are many thousands of acres of land in New England alone, that could be easily doubled in value for grass and other crops, if properly drained. This work is not very expensive, even if well done, as it should be in all cases, so that it may last for many years. This work should be done at the dry season of the year, and just after haying is the best time of the whole year.

In some localities there is plenty of stone that may be used to great advantage. If stones cannot be had, and the soil, use those, and if neither can be had without great expense, use boards or plank. In draining a meadow, so construct the drain as to cut off all the springs on the borders of the same, and lead the water all into the main drain to be carried off.

It is better always to go to hard pan in draining, especially when covered drains are put in. If a ditch is dug, and to be left open, slope the sides and the ditch will remain clear much longer.

**LIGHTNING RODS.** — We do not know that farmers are, or should be more interested in lightning rods, than many others are, yet we feel that we shall be doing them a favor to give some directions for the protection of their buildings from lightning.

We find the following in *The Transcript*, from Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, who ought to be good authority in such matters. —

**INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE EXERCISE OF LIGHTNING RODS.**

1. The rod should consist of round iron of about one inch in diameter; its parts, throughout the whole length, should be in perfect metallic continuity, by being secured together by coupling ferrules.

2. To secure it from rust the rod should be coated with blacking paint, itself a good conductor.

3. It should terminate in a single platinum point, and should be secured to the earth the better, bendings should be rounded, and not formed in acute angles.

4. The shorter and more direct the course of the rod to the earth the better, bendings should be rounded, and not formed in acute angles.

5. It should be fastened to the building by iron, eyes, and may be insulated from these by cylinders of glass (I don't mean, however, consider the latter of much importance).

6. The rod should be connected with the earth in the most perfect manner possible, and nothing is better for this purpose than to place it in metallic contact with the gas pipes, or, better still, the water pipes of the city. This connection may be made by a ribbon of copper or iron soldered to the end of the rod at one of its extremities, and wrapped around the pipe at the other. If a connection of this kind is impracticable the rod should be confined horizontally to the nearest well, and then turned vertically downward until the end enters the water as deep as its lowest level. The horizontal part of the rod may be buried in a stratum of powdered charcoal and ashes. The rod should be placed, in preference, on the west side of the building. A rod of this kind may be put up by an ordinary blacksmith. The rod in question is in accordance with our latest knowledge of all the facts of electricity.

Attempted improvements on it are worthless, and, as a general thing, are proposed by those who are but slightly acquainted with the subject.

**JOSEPH HENRY.**

**The Righteous Dead.**

**THA** better country, — was entered by Bro. W. L. HATHAWAY.

In his business relations Bro. H. attracted to himself a large circle of friends, whose regard was manifest as, from far and near, they filled the church Saturday morning to attend his funeral. The church found in him, after his conversion, constant, practical interest in her financial measures, and was much indebted to him for his prosperity in temporal things. Some five and a half years since, he consecrated himself to God, and became a burning and shining lamp to the world. Jesus was a name above every name to him. In his sickness, he never faltered, but waited, trustfully, for the summons, "Willing rather to depart and be with Christ." And with songs of hymns, as sonorous as immortals ever sang, and with his spirit above the clouds, he passed to the mansions of light. And lodged in the Elysian shades, he rejoiced in the gladness of his resurrection. — *W. H. Sturtevant.*

**NATHANIEL L. PURNTER** died in Portland, Me., April 5, 1870, aged 75 years.

Bro. P. was converted in his youth, and united with the Free Will Baptist Church, with which his father, grandfather, and several members of his father's family were connected. After a number of years, he joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained a member till he died.

Bro. P. was an earnest man, zealous in every work which he undertook, and filled with great acceptability to the officers of steward and class-leader for a number of years. His growth in grace and in the close of life was very marked, his last testimony, given in a general class-meeting, — very clear, and of a deeply spiritual character. He was evidently ripening for the heavenly state, which, as it proved, he was so rapidly nearing. "May the Church profit by the impressive lessons of the year, and all be well prepared to join our brother in the happy realm to which an angel death had transferred him." — *S. R. Ballou.*

Died of consumption in South Sandwich, May 5, *George W. Sturtevant*, aged 22 years and 3 months.

Two years ago, our dear brother gave his heart to God, and about

the same time the fatal disease commenced its work. The work of

his preparation for heaven was carried forward under the dispensation of suffering, and while lying on his sick-bed, he strongly de-

sired to be received into full fellowship in the Church, and have the

Sacrament of the Supper administered. These means of grace

seemed greatly to strengthen and refresh his soul, for the severest

trial which he approached the gates of death; and when he came to

the last conflict, he found an easy and glorious triumph over death and the grave.

*A. W. Page.*

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## The Secular World.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

The U. S. Senate, on the 30th, rejected the treaty for the annexation of San Domingo, the vote standing 28 to 23.

The political world, just now, is singularly barren of interest, and we find it a difficult matter to discover anything worthy of record. The order of the day seems to be Anti-Chinese meetings, which are being held in various parts of the country. The theme with all is, that the importation of cheap labor will be the ruin of the working men, and so of the country; and yet, what working man is there who would not be glad to get a five-dollar pair of shoes for two and a half, and everything else in proportion? In fact, the whole system of protection must sooner or later crumble to the dust; it is illogical, false, and ruinous. It bolsters up monopolies at the expense of the consumers. It is a feudal barbarism. It makes no difference whether ten thousand people contribute to the support of a manufacturer or a dozen. They are taxed to maintain one man. Every man is worth only what he can fetch in a free market. Labor needs no legislation; it regulates itself in a healthy state of the body politic. A fair field, and no favor. Competition open to all the world. No hot-houses in trade. These are large, healthy, and infallible axioms in business. We must look upon the world—the whole world—as one great work-shop for the support of one family—the human race.

Mayor Hall, at a recent anti-Cooly meeting in New York, said that the question of importing Chinese was not one of labor alone, but of morality, and was vociferously applauded; and yet, but for the very class of people who surrounded the speaker, our jails would be empty, and the offices of the street-constable a sinecure. The Chinese are mere children, ready to receive any impression. If the Lord has providentially delivered them into our hands, let us make good men and good citizens of them.

The public debt statement, just issued, shows a reduction during the last month of \$20,300,772.04; coin balance, \$112,776,048.83, including \$34,547,190 in gold certificates; currency in the Treasury, \$38,945,067.19.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Education Bill was again under consideration in the House of Commons on the 30th. An amendment requiring the Bible to be read in the schools was rejected.

Quiet has been restored in Cork, but there is great excitement in commercial circles, and business is almost suspended.

The London Times commends the tone of President Grant's recent admirable message on Cuban affairs.

## ROME.

The Roman secret police have obtained the details of a formidable conspiracy which is to inaugurate a great revolutionary movement soon. The revolutionary party has ramifications in all the towns throughout the Papal territory. It is reported that the active leaders of the party of action, which comprises within its ranks all the turbulent and disaffected spirits of republicanism of Italy, are meditating a formidable coup de main, with the object of getting possession of Rome. Simultaneously an uprising is to take place throughout Italy, and an Italian republic will be proclaimed by the Maxinians and Garibaldians. The Roman agents are actively endeavoring to ferret out further particulars.

## NEWS NOTES.

Red Cloud has gone hunting buffaloes at Fort Laramie, with his tribe. No doubt he is glad to get home from the dust, heat, noise, and monstrous humbug of civilized life. — Prince Pierre Ben-

aparts is in San Francisco. — The coal tariff is not to be altered at present. — M. Pravest Paradal, the new French minister to the United States, departed from Paris on the 30th. — There were destructive fires in Montreal, near Chicago, and in Jersey City, on the 30th. — Garibaldi is seriously ill. — Newfoundland has ineffectually petitioned the home government against removing the troops.

## COLLEGE HONORS.

Northwestern University held its Commencement, week before last. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. J. M. Jameson, of Ohio, Rev. Heeper Crews, of Rock River Conference, and Professor F. D. Hemenway, of Garrett Biblical Institute. LL.D. on Hon. Lyman Trumbull.

Albion College conferred D. D. on Rev. F. S. De Haas, of Cincinnati.

Harvard has conferred LL.D. on William Maxwell Evans, of New York, and Leonard Bacon, of New Haven.

Williams College, at its Commencement, on the 30th ult., conferred LL.D. on Judge Lowell, of Boston, Judge Wells, of Boston, and Judge Currey, of California. D. D. on Revs. C. T. Mills, of California, Calvin Dupre, of Williamson, A. E. P. Perkins, of Ware, and Everard Hempshall, of Elizabethtown, N. J.

Cornell, on the 30th, conferred Doctor of Letters on Goldwin Smith.

Union College, on the 28th ult., conferred D. D. on Rev. S. Mateon, of Biddle College; Rev. W. H. De Puy, of New York, Rev. P. V. Vreder, of California, Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and Rev. D. Worman, of Schenectady. LL.D. on Hon. W. Hunt, Rufus W. Peckham, Charles T. Jenkins, and Horatio G. Warner.

Brown University has conferred D. D. on Rev. C. M. Bowers, of Clinton, Mass.; Rev. J. L. Dillman, and Rev. A. H. Strong. LL.D. on G. A. Brayton, of Providence, J. B. Campbell, of Charlestown, S. C., S. C. Greene, and Judge M. Morton, of Massachusetts.

Rutgers College, on the 21st ult., conferred the following degrees: Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. William H. Ten Eyck, of Astoria, N. Y., Rev. Giles H. Mandeville, of Harlem, N. Y., Rev. John B. Thompson, of Saugerties, N. Y., Rev. Jacob West, of New York city, Rev. John McC. Holmes, of Hudson, N. Y., Rev. Samuel A. Clark, of Elizabeth, N. J., and Rev. Robert B. Croes, of New York city. The degree of Doctor of Law was conferred upon Hon. Henry Hogoboom, of Hudson, N. Y., Hon. James A. Ludlow, of Philadelphia, and Hon. Charles J. Folger, of New York.

The University of New York, on the 23d ult., conferred the following degrees: Doctor in Philosophy, George W. Clarke, A. M., of New York, and Rev. Geo. R. Entler, of Franklin, N. J. Doctor of Laws, W. A. P. Martin, D. D., President of the University, Pakin, China; Cyrus Hamblin, D. D., President of Robert College, Constantinople; Wm. Blackwood, D. D., of Philadelphia, Hugh L. Bond, esq., of Baltimore, and Richard L. Laramore, late President of the New York Board of Education, and now Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Doctor of Divinity, Rev. Gilbert Morgan, of South Carolina, Rev. Henry Neill, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Rev. Wm. H. Steele, of New York, N. J.

The orator of the Class Day at Harvard, gave this good stroke at the too hasty lovers of the unrepentant rebel:—

"With some, so strong seems the desire to burn out the seeds of bitterness in the South, that they would gladly sacrifice the very heads of our Northern soldiers to kindle the blaze."

A queer experience was this as told by the *Bath Times*, (Me.):—

"A few mornings since, as Mr. Charles Newdick was rowing down the river, he was unceremoniously surprised by a huge sturgeon taking an extra morning jump and landing in his boat, breaking the oar as he fell. As he had a lady with him at the time, the surprise and fright may be imagined when the craft began to fill, and had he not toppled the huge fellow overboard, who luckily had lain perfectly still, resting his head in the lady's lap, they would all have gone down together. This ancient Kennebec dweller was upward of fifteen feet in length, and almost completely filled the capacity of the boat, which was only seventeen feet long."

A BUR PILL.—At the Commencement exercises of Lawrence University, Rev. Mr. Eddy discoursed before the Missionary Society on "Is Christianity a failure?" which he had to answer in the affirmative. He painted every thing in Salvator Rosa hues, which have in them nothing of Salvation nor rose. — He must take a few Gospel pills of Faith.

Rev. Dr. Cocker was elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa of Cambridge, last week. It was a merited honor.

Dr. Holmes delivered a very smart oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Cambridge, on the brain and thought, in which all Christian ideas as usual got a rap from his hard little knuckles. When the famous Doctor dies, we suppose all the (ir) religious press will try to prove him a Christian.

Charles M. Dickenson, a young lawyer of Binghamton, was the author of the poem we lately published on children as from Charles Dickens.

MR. BUCHANAN AND HAWTHORNE.—The selection on p. 315, "Mr. Buchanan does not want to be President," is from Mr. Hawthorne's Diary.

## GOSSIPGRAPHS.

— Four thousand tons of ore were thrown out at a single blast in the Lake Superior iron region the other day. Fifteen and a half kegs of powder were used.

— Mr. Woolner, the sculptor, is to execute a bust of Charles Dickens, and has a mask which was cast for the purpose.

— General Placido Vega, having been deserted by Lozada, was compelled to evacuate Acapulco. Lozada had seized \$180,000 of Custom House funds, under the pretext that the Federal Government should pay the inhabitants of Acapulco for the injury done by the troops from Cinaloa.

— Fourteen young Japanese noblemen are studying in the grammar school connected with Rutgers College, New Brunswick.

Cotton bloom is reported in various parts of the South. The crop is expected about forty days after the bloom.

## The Markets.

## BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Thursday, June 30.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—

Cattle, 1,100; Sheep and Lambs, 4,510; Swine, 4,917; horses, 100; mares, 1,700; Horses, Cattle, 171; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 125; Cattle left over from last week, —

Pieces. Beef Cattle—Extra, \$13.50-\$14.00; first quality, \$12.75-\$13.25; second quality, \$11.50-\$12.50; third quality, \$10.25-\$11.25; poorest grades, \$8.00-10.00 per 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and Dressed Beef).

Brighton Hides—75¢—per lb.

Brighton Tallow—\$1.40—per lb.

Country Skins—c. a. each.

Hides—\$1.75—per lb. for country.

Tallow—\$1.25—per lb. for country.

Sheared Sheep Skins—25¢—each.

Lamb Skins—50 cents each.

Wool Skins—\$1.50-\$2.00 per skin.

Sheep Skins—\$1.50-\$2.00 each.

Calf Skins—16¢-\$1.75 per lb.

Store Cattle. With the exception of Working Oxen and Mule Cows, there is but a few Store Cattle in Market. Most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are bought up to slaughter.

Working Oxen. There has been but a moderate demand for Working Oxen, and a few pairs are all that the Market requires at this time of the year. We quote \$14.00-\$15.00, 150, 160, 175, 190, 200, 225.

Mitch Cows—\$25.00-\$25.50 per head. Most of the Cows in Market are of a common grade. But a few Extra ones among them. Prices depend a great deal upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep and Lambs. Nearly all the Sheep in Market this week came from the West, and were owned by Butchers, or taken at a commission. There were several lots of Lambs from Maine; one lot of 60 sold at \$4.75; 62 at \$4.85-\$5.75 per head.

Swine. Store Pigs—Wholesale, — 8—cents per lb.; retail, — 8—cents per lb. Spring Pigs, wholesale, 17¢-17.5¢ per lb.; retail, 15¢-18¢ cents per lb. — But few in Market, and trade dull. Cource Sheads, — 8—cents per lb. Fat Hogs—\$1.00 at Market. Prices 10¢-10.5¢ per lb.

REMARKS.—The Markets this week for good Cattle have been quiet, and prices for the best grades are fully equal to those of last week. The quality of the Bevies was not so good in comparison to the whole number as those of last week. The best Cattle sold at 14 cents per lb., 80 per cent. shrink. A few very nice ones sold at 14¢ cents per lb. Most of the Maine Cattle were sold for Beef. Next week the Markets at Brighton will be changed to Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, instead of Thursday, as at present.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

July 2, 1870.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

July 2, 1870.

Gold—\$11.11; to \$11.11.

Flour—Superfine, \$4.75 to \$5.00; extra, \$6.00 to

\$7.00; Michigan, \$6.25 to \$7.00; St. Louis, \$7.25 to \$10.00.

New Corn—\$1.10 to \$1.20; new mixed, \$1.00 to

1.10; oats, — 55 to 55¢.

Rye—\$1.15.

Barley—Timothy, Herbs' Grass, \$7.50 to \$7.75; Red

Top, \$8.75 per sack; R. L. Bent, \$2 to \$3.50 per bushel;

Clover, 15 to 18¢ per lb.

Apples—Per bushel, \$2.00.

Bermuda Onions—\$4.00 to \$4.50 per bushel.

Pork—\$22.00 to \$24.00; Lard, 16¢ to 17¢; Ham, 18¢

to 19¢ per lb.

Butter—New Butter, 25¢ to 30¢ per lb.

Cheese—g. Factory, 12 to 14¢; Dairy, 10 to 12¢.

Eggs—25¢—a dozen.

Dried Apples—8 to 12¢ per lb.

Hay—\$1.15 to \$1.40 per ton, per carriage; \$22.00 to

25.00, per ton, per car load.

Potatoes—\$1.12 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Beans—Extra Peas, \$2.50 to 2.62; common, \$1.50 to

\$1.75.

STRAWBERRIES.—15¢. to 35¢. per quart.

GOSSEBERRIES.—\$4.00 to \$4.50 per bushel.

BLACKBERRIES—40 to 60¢. per quart.

CHERRIES—Per bbl. \$22.00 to \$25.00.

ORANGES.—\$9.00 per box.

LEMONS.—\$9.00 to 10.00 per box.

CARROTS.—\$1.25 per doz. bunches.

BRETS.—\$7.00 per doz. bunches.

TURNIPS.—\$1.00 to \$1.25 per doz. bunches.

GREEN PEAS.—\$2.50 per bushel.

MAPLE SUGAR.—12 to 15¢. per lb.

MAPLE SUGAR.—Common grades of flour, quoted at 50¢, advance, the market firm. Corn dull the past week. Pork quiet, and unchanged. New Apples in market. Pork unchanged. A fair trade in Butter. Eggs plenty.

## THE HOME SAVINGS BANK, BOSTON.

This Bank is most desirably located, in the new Mason Temple, corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets. Being easy of access for those wishing to make deposits, coming in to the city on the Boston and Providence Railroad. Some seventeen hundred street cars pass the Bank daily from all sections around Boston. The gentlemen connected with it are of high standing, and fully have the confidence of the community. It is ranked as one of the best institutions for savings in the vicinity of Boston. Its terms offered to the public, are very liberal, paying six per cent., and putting money upon interest the first day of every month, declaring dividends in October and April, and adds all dividends as soon as declared, to the principal, and it goes on compounding. The success of this bank is entirely unprecedented, having received the large sum of eight hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars the past four months.

What is the surest remedy for an itchy scalp, and to remove dandruff from the head? Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## MARRIAGES.

In Cambridge, June 8, by Rev. Pliny Wood, Clement H. Marston, esq., to Annie M. Cowie, both of Boston; June 16, John W. Farris to Miss Lovina Spencer, both of Boston; June 27, Capt. James Doak, of Belfast, Me., to Miss Aurolia A. Knights, of Cambridge.

In Manchester, N. H., June 21, by Rev. E. A. Smith, George Miner to Miss Eliza M. Perkins, both of Manchester.

In Milford, N. H., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. C. Noyes, James C. Bray, of Gorham, N. H., to Miss Clara E. Evans, of Milford.

In Manchester, N. H., June 22, by Rev. H. H. Hartwell, Frank Moon to Miss Alice L. Green, all of Milford.

At their residence, No. 11 Greenleaf Park, on the corner of Newbury and Milford Streets, June 22, by Rev. A. W. Paige, Howard W. Sparx, of Boston, to Miss Eliza E. Pease, of Edgartown.

In Leominster, June 6, by Rev. J. Peterson John A. Carter to Estella V. Fisher; also, June 22, Randall F. Walker to Susan P. Follansbee, of Leominster.

In this city, June 20, by Rev. I. J. Collyer, B. Frank Sanders to Miss Lizzie Sweat, both of Boston.

In Marblehead, June 2, by Rev. Z. A. Mudge, Wm. G. Brown, Jr., to Miss Mary Ellen Hillier, both of Marblehead; June 20, William J. Johnson, Jr., to Miss Sarah M. Hillier, both of Marblehead.

In Haverhill, June 20, by Rev. H. S. Booth, of Haverhill; T. F. Smith to Miss Sarah J. Nash, both of Hadley; in Belchertown, June 20, Eliot J. Leach to Miss Flora A. Haskell, all of Belchertown.

In Penobscot, June 26, by Rev. F. Caldwell, Albert E. Varnum to Miss Mary J. Littlefield, both of Penobscot.

## BIRTHS.

In Cambridge, June 14, Carrie D. Hiller, aged 19 months, daughter of Joseph E. and Sarah M. Hiller.

## METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

Money Letters received from June 25 to July 2.

M. F. Aray, J. W. Atkins; O. M. Boutwell, W. E. Bennett; C. Butterfield; E. C. Bass, E. A. Branson, Geo. W. Barrows, Thos. B. Bourne, L. M. Bissell, A. W. Brown; F. P. Clark, E. H. Cochran, S. B. Currier, S. J. Caneill; Z. Davis, A. H. Drew, H. G. Day; S. E. Elliott; J. T. Ferguson, J. H. Froehlic, L. P. French; D. Howard; C. Huntington, J. L. Hyde, C. W. Hill, D. Herrick, P. Higgins; J. C. Jacobs, C. B. Jordan, W. S. Jagger; J. A. Morison; E. C. Pieron, R. Pratty, A. S. Prescott, J. W. Parker, J. H. Pillsbury, M. Patten, J. A. Plummer; R. A. Rich; C. H. Stevens, S. H. Stanley; S. A. Tice, James S. Tukey; A. Woodward, W. Wilkie, O. R. Wilson, F. H. Waterman, T. H. Worrall.

James P. Maxx, Agent, 28 Broadfield St., Boston.

## CHURCH REGISTER.

## HERALD CALENDAR.

Hamilton Camp-meeting begins Aug. 16, closes Aug. 21. Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.

Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 22.

# ZION'S HERALD.

Swampscott, etc., 14; St. Paul's, Lynn, 15; Marblehead, 27; 28; Salem, P. M., 28; Beverly, eve., 28; Peabody, 29; September — South Lawrence, 3, 4; North Andover, P. M., 4; Haverhill, eve., 4; Rockport, 10, 11; Bay View, P. M., 11; Riverville, eve., 11; Gloucester, Elm Street, 12; Lynn, South Street, 13; Ipswich, 17, 18; Topsfield, P. M., 18; Maplewood, 19; Groveland, 24, 25; Byfield, P. M., 25; Newburyport, 1st Church, evening, 25; Purchase Street, 25. Wilbraham, June 24.

\* D. SHERMAN, P. E.

## WORCESTER DISTRICT — SECOND QUARTER.

July — 1, Athol; 2, S. A. M., Templeton; 3, P. M. Gardner; 8, Royalston; 9, 10, A. M., Townsend; 10 P. M., Lunenburg; 10, eve., Fitchburg, 18, Bars; 14, Hubbardston; 16, 17, A. M., Oakdale; 17, P. M., Princeton; 20, Woburn; 21, Ashburnham; 22, 23, A. M., Pepperell; 24, P. M., Groton Junction; 26, Clinton; 27, Lancaster; 28, Ware; 30, 31, A. M., Monson; 31, P. M., Wales.

August — 5, Warren; 6, 7, A. M., West Brookfield; 7, P. M., North Brookfield; 7, eve., Brookfield, Cherry Valley; 14, A. M., Main Street; 28, A. M., Laurel Street.

September — 8, A. M., Webster; 4, P. M., Oxford; 7, Fast Douglass; 8, Whitinsville; 10, 11, A. M., Dudley; 11, P. M., Southbridge; 14, Leicester; 17, 18, Charlton; 18, P. M., Spencer; 21, 25, A. M., Millbury; 25, P. M., N. S. Village; 25, eve., Shrewsbury. L. CROWELL.

\* THE NORTHPORT CAMP-MEETING will commence at Westleyan Grove, Northport, Aug. 29, 1870. For further information, inquirers are referred to H. J. Woods, Belfast, David S. Doane, Brewer, or J. Burkbank, Bangor. A. CAUZON, Secretary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BIBLE SOCIETY. — The annual meeting of this Society will be held at South Church, Concord, N. H., on Tuesday, July 5, at 11 A. M. The reports of the Treasurer and Secretary will then be given. Address will be given by the following gentlemen: Rev. G. W. Miller, Titon, Rev. Henry G. Safford, of Concord, Rev. J. Lamson, of Windham, and Rev. H. S. Wiley, of Oakland, Cal.

WANTED. — Three ministers, who are willing to come South, and cast in their lot among us, and help to build up the cause of God and Methodism in our country. Young men preferred. For particulars, address Rev. J. SPILMAN, P. E., Augusta District, June 30. 21. Augusta, Ga.

## Business Notices.

THE Union Safe Deposit Vaults, 40 State Street, Boston, assure the safe keeping of valuable papers, silver plate, bullion, diamonds, and all precious articles of small bulk. July 7, 51 1t 25<sup>th</sup>

GLITTERING TEETH. — Not only does *BOZOPOT* impart the WHITENESS of the purest porcelain to the teeth, but its polish, too. They glisten after being brushed with it, like the inner surface of an ocean shell, and the effect of this loss dentrifice is to render the enamel as hard and indestructible as adamant.

Save and send the pieces, use "SPALDING'S GLUE," July 7, 71 1t 25<sup>th</sup>

## COMMUNION SERVICES.

We are making a Specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware of the finest quality and of chaste and appropriate designs. Catalogues showing the different styles will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO., 20 John St., New York. Manufacturers of *Five Silver Plate* *Utensils*. 171 Jan. 6, 1870.

DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY KILLER. — The Original Genuine Article. Imitations are about. Don't be fooled. Ask for Dutcher's. 41 June 23, 4t 16<sup>th</sup>

The Adams Express Company Will establish a temporary Agency at OAKINGTON, MARYLAND, July 7th, 1870, to continue during the NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING at that place. July 7, 1t

ORCUTT'S RELIABLE LIGHTNING RODS.

Those who wish perfect security are reminded that the subscriber still continues to protect all kinds of structures from the effects of lightning. Thirty-five years constant practice, *WITHOUT A CASE OF FAILURE*, is in the best guarantee of safety, originality, and economy. Orders for any size of a quantity and locality, by mail or otherwise, received at No. 46 Cornhill, Boston, July 7, 181 4t 20<sup>th</sup>. WM. A. ORCUTT.

Indelible Pencils.

FOR MARKING CLOTHING, ETC. Single, 25 cts, 4 for \$1 per dozen, \$1.25; by mail paid; per gross, \$22.50. FOR MARKING LINEN, 25 cts per dozen, \$1.25; Single, 25 cts; per dozen, \$1; per gross, \$20.

"More convenient than *ink*." — Amer. *Agriculturist*. "Invaluable for marking linen." — *Godey's Ladies Book*. "A very useful article." — *Amer. Inst'n Report 1870*. MANUFACTURED AND SOLD by the INDELIBLE PENCIL CO., Norwood and Mass. *1870*. Sold by Stationers and Druggists EVERYWHERE. June 7, 181 4t 20<sup>th</sup>.

HOME SAVINGS BANK, BOSTON, *The new Masonic Temple, corner Tremont and Franklin Streets.*

Deposits received in the institution from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M., daily, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8. Drafts paid daily, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Interest on deposits commences the first day of every month, and is quarterly, and on other days, monthly. A dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum is guaranteed to be paid in October and April, all dividends, as soon as declared, are added to the principal, and receive interest like an original deposit.

HENRY SMITH, President. ED. O. ROCKWOOD, Treasurer. July 7, 181 3m.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE AND CLAVERBACK COLLEGE. — A first-class Boarding School for both sexes. College course for ladies, and academic course for ladies and gentlemen. Nine departments and sixteen professors and teachers. Board and tuition fees \$1000 per annum. *1870*. Instruments, Music extra. Term opens Sept. 1. Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A. M., President, Claverback College Co., N. Y. July 7, 81 1t 25<sup>th</sup>

## ROBERTSON'S SERMONS.

Complete in One Volume.

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